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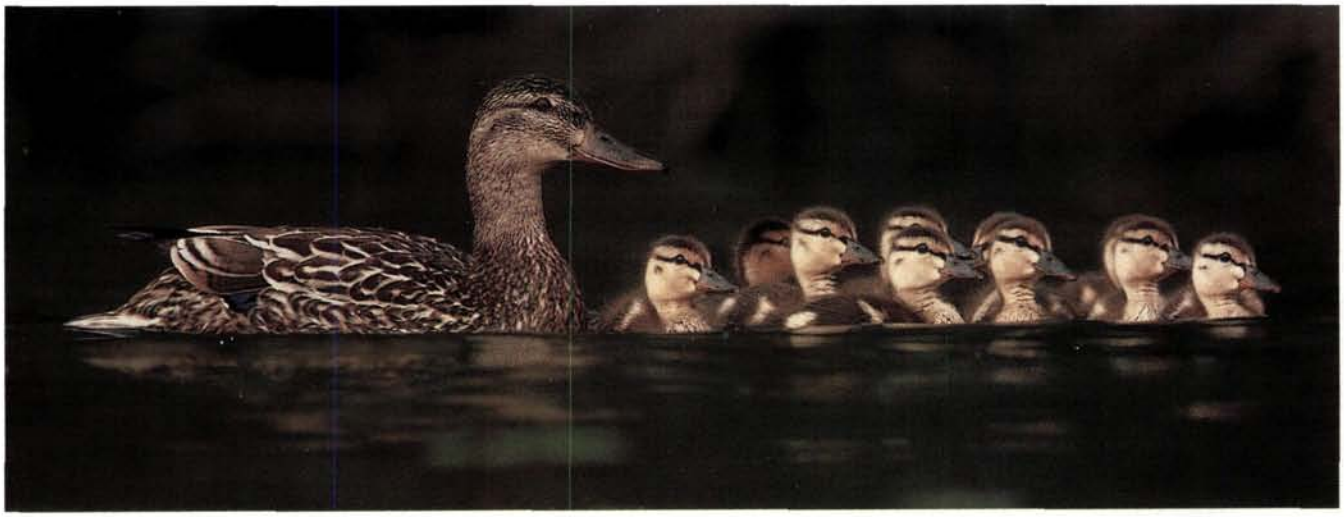

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CORRESPONDENCE

For the birds

To the editors:

At a time when the spotted owls vs. jobs conflict shows signs of resolution, Gregg Easterbrook ("The Birds," March 28) helps push the endangered bird and loggers further out on a limb.

As the author of *Showdown at Opal Creek: The Battle for America's Last Wilderness* (and a reporter for *Time*, a rival of Easterbrook's *Newsweek*), I object, first, to the fact that the only experts on the ground in the Northwest whom Easterbrook uses to support his argument are industry's hired guns. He inflates out of proportion Audubon's 1986 report, elevating it to the seminal document in the debate. No mention is made of a biologist's alert to his superiors at the timber-happy Bureau of Land Management in 1976: "We have [a] responsibility to manage wildlife habitat so that no species gradually slips into irreversible oblivion." Likewise, Easterbrook brushes off the 1991 Thomas panel, neglecting to note the exhaustive, authoritative 427-page report written by wildlife scientists with impeccable credentials and that it was signed off by the industry's own biologist without dissent.

So what if Easterbrook thinks he saw spotted owls in California? At best, they are "floater populations," stranded in isolated stands where their inbreeding will dilute the gene pool. Considering all the time Easterbrook claims to have spent in old-growth forests, he also displays an amazing inability to distinguish a true ecosystem from a collection of trees, otherwise known as woods. He invokes the loaded terms "regrowing primal old-growth forest" and "reforestation"—Orwellian oxymorons favored by industry. In fact, not a single piece of land has ever been "reforested" as nature does, any more than a geneticist has cloned a human being. In the Northwest, the Forest Service has overseen the felling of centuries-old trees, then restocked areas with the same species of the same size and same height. Most of its forest has been converted into tree plantations as authentic as Christmas tree farms.

Of course conservationists have used the spotted owl as a vehicle for saving ancient forests. Since there exists only an Endangered Species Act but no Endangered Ecosystem Act, they've had to protect one species after another both for the sake of the species and as surrogates for protecting a threatened habitat. The sooner we find a means of averting futu train wrecks by rejecting the false choic between economic growth and enviro mental protection, the better off all u us—humans and not—will be.

DAVID SEIDEMAN
New York, New York

To the editors:

Perhaps the owl is more resilient than w give it credit for. But if Gregg Easterbroo has so much confidence in the adaptabi ity of the last of these small birds, wh does he believe it will be so hard t retrain intelligent loggers? Why couldn timber towns adjust to the economi pressures of a changing world? I do n wish to be insensitive: the plight and su fering of the logging communities is ev dent. But a century-long logging bing coupled with automation and whole-lo exports, has left little fodder for worker Subsidizing jobs with the last of ou forests is a false choice.

MITCH FRIEDMAN
Executive Director
Greater Ecosystem Alliance
Bellingham, Washington

To the editors:

Gregg Easterbrook parrots the time-wor plea that we must destroy our nation forests to protect Northwest jobs. Wha he does not say is that timber industr mechanization and log exports ha already eliminated more than 25,000 jo between 1979 and 1988, long befor there were any significant restrictions t protect the spotted owl. The same timbe industry that busted unions and reduce worker hours, salaries and benefits no claims to be the champion of the few tim ber workers that remain. What hogwash

JIM PISSOT
Director, Washington State Office
National Audubon Society
Olympia, Washington

Not-so-dismal science

To the editors:

Jagdish Bhagwati's review of my book o Poland's economic reforms is irrespons ble ("Shock Treatments," March 28 Bhagwati is a trade economist with virtu ally no professional experience in Polan or Russia, or with problems of monetar stabilization in general. While he co cedes Poland's successes (without revea ing that he was a critic from the start), h main interest is to say that "shock the apy" failed in Russia.

This is ludicrous. Any knowledgeab observer knows that Polish-style reforn were not carried out in Russia. To th extent that such reforms were partial implemented, they succeeded in hea ing off hyperinflation, ending shortag

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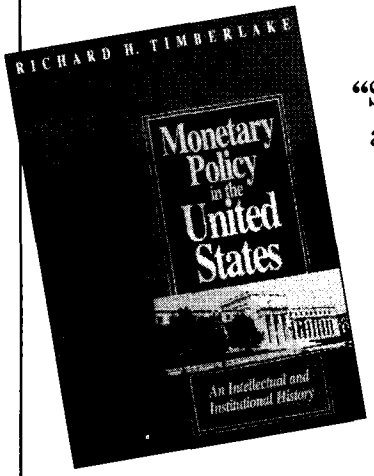

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n the consumer markets and establishng private property rights for the first ime in seventy-five years. After a few nonths in 1992, the strength of Russian nonetary stabilization was hobbled by onservative opposition and the absence of timely Western assistance, as I have lescribed in these pages (see "Betrayal," anuary 31). Perhaps Bhagwati does not ealize that successful policies require ears of persistence, not just a few nonths.

Bhagwati accuses me of naïveté for urging large-scale aid for Russia. I was told hat such aid was impossible when I advocated debt reduction for developing ountries in the 1980s; a stabilization und for Poland in 1989; a cancellation of alf of Poland's debts in 1990; and so on. n each case, the cynics said "impossible" efore the official community finally dopted these policies. Why doesn't Bhagwati instead chastise the G-7 governments for actually *promising* large sums to Russia, $24 billion in 1992 and $28 billion n 1993, but then not delivering?

In Bhagwati's view, the false expectations that I raised concerning aid led Russia down the garden path to unnecessarly drastic measures. This bizarre assertion gets the economics exactly backwards. Russian reformers took drastic ctions because Russia faced a financial alamity. Aid would have allowed *less* drasic budget cuts, and therefore more political sustainability.

No country in the region has come up vith better alternatives than Polish-style tabilization. In countries other than oland that have followed strong macroconomic policies—such as the Czech epublic, Estonia, Latvia, Slovenia—economic recovery is underway. In countries hat have eschewed such reforms—such s Romania and Ukraine—the result has been hyperinflation and collapse. If Bhagwati had familiarity with the region, e would know that his vaunted "gradualst" stabilization strategy has been tried nd has failed repeatedly.

If Russia does succeed, it won't be ecause of vague incantations of an illuory gradual path to monetary stability. It vill be because Russia completes the polies that were started in 1992.

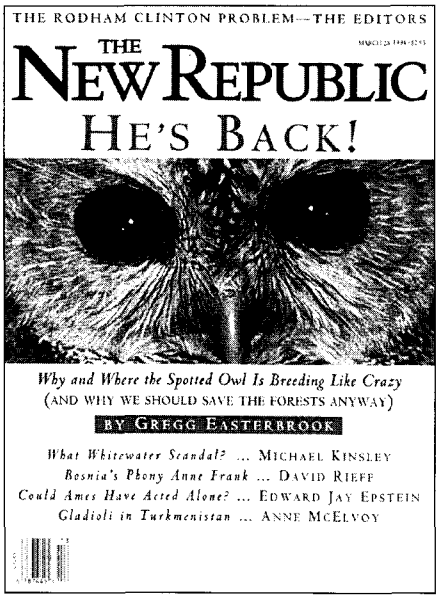
JEFFREY D. SACHS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

gdish Bhagwati replies:

effrey Sachs's letter is marred by false laims—that I was a critic of Poland's sucesses "from the start"; and that I accused im of "naïveté for urging large-scale aid or Russia," when in fact I said that he as "confusing exhortations with expecations."

In asserting that I have no "professional experience" on Poland and Russia, achs resorts to credentialism to discredit my review and also forgets that what he considers his great advantage was his fatal flaw. He got embroiled in local politics, allying himself with one group of politicians while denouncing in public as dishonest and knaves other politicians such as the centrist Viktor Chernomyrdin. Now the prime minister, Chernomyrdin predictably said that he had no use for Sachs, making the termination of his advisory role in Russia inevitable. Men of action are not necessarily wiser than men of reflection; Sachs wrongly confuses "being there" with "being correct."

Sachs also indulges in the logical fallacy ignoratio elenchi, more popularly known as creating an Aunt Sally. Sachs claims to have had success earlier in predicting debt relief and aid flows. But the fact that some predictions were correct does not


THE RODHAM CLINTON PROBLEM—THE EDITORS
THE
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HE'S BACK!
Why and Where the Spotted Owl Is Breeding Like Crazy
(AND WHY WE SHOULD SAVE THE FORESTS ANYWAY)
BY GREGG EASTERBROOK
What Whitewater Scandal? ... MICHAEL KINSLEY
Bosnia's Phony Anne Frank ... DAVID RIEFF
Could Ames Have Acted Alone? ... EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN
Gladioli in Turkmenistan ... ANNE MCELVOY

prove that the one about aid to Russia was not incorrect! That the G-7 promised big aid flows that they did not deliver is again neither here nor there. There is a world of difference between executive promises and legislative outcomes.

The charge that more aid would have meant a less speedy cut in the budget deficit and that I have gotten the link backwards is also an inexcusable silliness. If aid were used only to delay the cutting of the deficit, aid would be counterproductive; the IMF conditionality that Sachs abhors would have properly prevented that. More aid would have meant more adjustment simply because the added costs of more adjustment would have been cushioned by the social safety net, labor-turnover programs, imports of key consumer goods, etc., that would have been made possible.

The worst mistake of all is Sachs's failure to understand the distinction between shock therapy and gradualism. The question is not whether one wants financial irresponsibility or not. The question is: At what speed do we eliminate it? I posed the question as clearly as anyone can, hoping that Sachs would tell us finally why gradualism would not have worked in Russia, instead of resorting to obfuscation, invective and bluster. Unfortunately, I miscalculated.

Sole distinguishing characteristic

To the editors:

Rarely do I find TNR's views as offensive as those expressed in your April 4 Notebook item about gays and St. Patrick's Day parades. That Catholicism somehow demands gays be allowed to march in these parades as gays has got to be the most ignorant thing you've ever published. You mention masturbation, premarital and extramarital sex as behaviors that also should exclude people from marching. When were organizations of Irish masturbators, fornicators and adulterers ever permitted to march as groups in a St. Patrick's Day parade? No one ever asks marchers if they are gay or straight, so no individual who is gay would ever be excluded. But to allow a group whose sole distinguishing characteristic is a behavior unquestionably condemned by the Catholic Church to march in a parade commemorating a Catholic saint is clearly wrong. Let religious authorities such as John Cardinal O'Connor, who adamantly opposed allowing gays to march in the New York City St. Patrick's Day parade, determine what has "the sanction of Catholicism"—not the anti-Catholic bigots who write for your magazine.

MATTHEW SACHSE
New York, New York

Spare us

To the editors:

You're right. D'Amato, Gramm and the lot—they are all pots calling the kettle black. But Jim Leach? In the midst of your editorial rant against Republican sleazeballs battling Democratic sleazeballs over Whitewater ("S&L Hypocrites," The Editors, April 4), you denigrate the "sanctimonious" Leach. Sanctimonious? Leach at least has a record on which to base his self-righteousness. Compare that to the constant lectures the First Couple have been dishing out to the rest of us—about the politics of meaning, the necessity of virtue, the need to uplift the downtrodden, the rottenness of the 1980s, etc.

One nice thing about Whitewater: perhaps it will spare us another two-plus years of the politics of self-righteousness.

JONATHAN BURACK
Madison, Wisconsin

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

APRIL 25, 1994

THE ABDICATION, CONT'D

The Serbs are furiously attacking, and ethnically cleansing, northwestern Bosnia and southeastern Bosnia. "The Serbs are going for it," said a United Nations official about the town of Gorazde, a United Nations "safe area," in which 65,000 Bosnians are trapped and hundreds have already been murdered.

Surprise! But the Clinton administration, according to *The Washington Post*, is "taken ... by surprise." The administration quickly adjusted to the grim development, though, so that the secretary of defense could proclaim that the United States is "standing firm." What it is "standing firm" about is its refusal to come to the assistance of the Bosnians, politically or militarily. Asked on television about the Serbian assault on Gorazde, the callow William Perry answered that "we will not enter the war to stop that from happening. That is correct, yes." The president was embarrassed by his secretary's remarks. By their clarity, not by their content: he denied that Perry had given the Serbs a green light and then assured them ("we're looking at our options there, but it really depends in part upon what the U.N. mission wants to do there") that they need not relent.

Elsewhere at the Pentagon, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who had once concurred with his predecessor's judgment that the siege of Sarajevo could not be affected by air power, opined that "there were very specific conditions around Sarajevo that lent themselves to the application of air power, conditions that don't exist in any other places in Bosnia today." The situation around Gorazde is "very different," General John Shalikashvili said, and NATO intervention against the Serbs would amount to taking sides in the conflict. The deployment of Ukrainian troops in the area of Gorazde, however, might upset the situation. "While there is debate within the administration over using air power to protect Gorazde and other Muslim enclaves," Michael R. Gordon wrote memorably in *The New York Times*, "there is no dispute over using air strikes to protect United Nations peacekeepers." Meanwhile, in New York, the United States pleaded poverty and blocked the Security Council from sending the full contingent of 10,000 peacekeeping troops that were deemed necessary, until the Clinton administration at the last minute deemed otherwise, to secure the emerging diplomatic rearrangements in the Balkans.

It is a repugnant narrative. What makes it especially repugnant is the self-congratulation that accompanies it. Judging by his comments at his "masterful" press conference on March 24, the president appears to believe that he is the savior of Sarajevo. "Our efforts in Bosnia," he said, "have had a lot of success." Efforts in Bosnia? Success in Bosnia? In truth, Clinton is the man who allowed Sarajevo, and the rest of Bosnia, to become the scene of the greatest crime in the West in fifty years. It was CNN that saved Sarajevo, not Clinton; and nobody saved Bosnia. (In Prijedor, the cavalry is ... the Red Cross.) There is something especially cynical about the administration's distinction between Sarajevo and Bosnia. This is a war against a country, not a city.

It is risible, moreover, that the administration expects the Serbs to take it seriously. "By standing firm," Perry said, "we've provided the maximum pressure and maximum leverage to getting toward the peace agreement." Substitute "minimum" for "maximum" and he has a point; but he is basking in maximalism. With red lights like these, who needs green lights? Even a perfunctory acquaintance with the Serbian methods of operation would have shown that they would seize on the American preening about Sarajevo to strike elsewhere; and they have.

The lesson of Sarajevo is crushingly simple. It is that it takes a little to accomplish a lot. The siege of Sarajevo was lifted as the result of a threat to use air power and a single small use of it. That's it. No quagmire, no slippery slope, no mission creep. The Serbs do not wish to lose all that they have, cruelly and with our complicity, gained. But the White House does not wish to learn the lesson of Sarajevo. And now it has the additional alibi of being "distracted." So expect Gorazde and other towns to fall, and innocent people to be expelled and killed because they are not Serbian and Christian, and the United States to be surprised, and American officials to mutter about the "peace process." And Clinton, of course, to bite his lip. Those are the only teeth in our Bosnian policy. •

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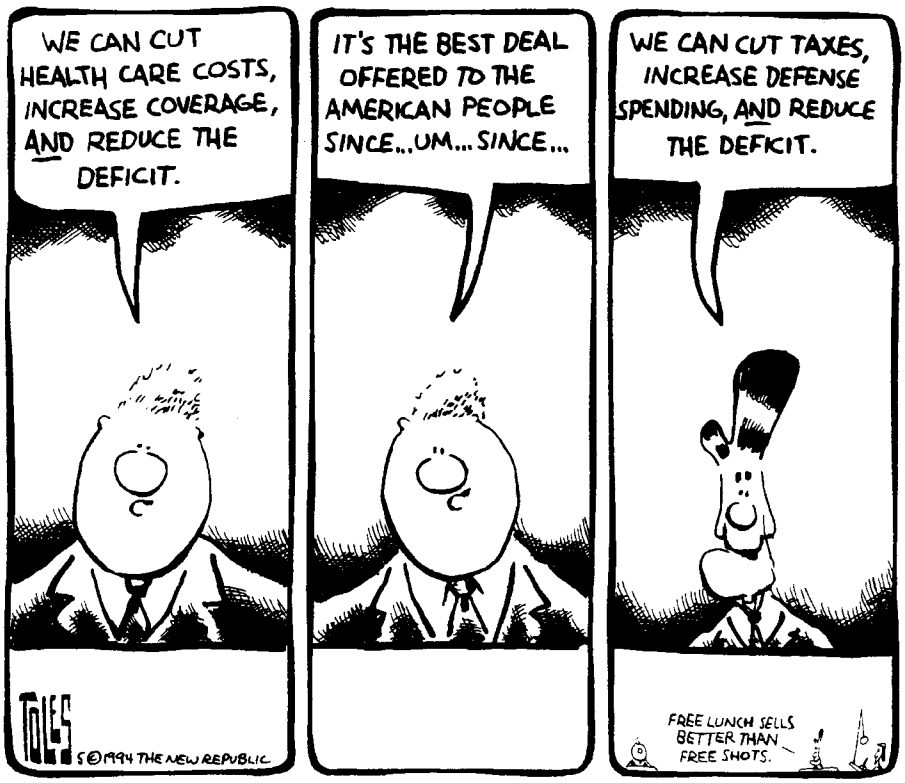
NOTEBOOK

NOT SO FAST: By resigning well before June, Harry Blackmun has given Bill Clinton plenty of time to deliberate about a first-rate successor. Unfortunately, some White House aides are clamoring for a speedy nomination, most likely Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. We say slow down. If there's one thing the protracted search that ended in Ruth Bader Ginsburg's appointment shows, it's that the best candidates need time to emerge. Remember what happened a year ago. White House aides were lobbying for the quick appointment of another politician, New York Governor Mario Cuomo, who mercifully withdrew from consideration weeks after Byron White's resignation. At that point, Ginsburg was barely on the radar screen and White House aides were dismissing her as a "lose-lose" proposition: too conservative for liberal interest groups, too liberal for the public at large. After a series of other disastrous near misses (including Education Secretary Richard Riley, who by several accounts was offered the seat), Ginsburg's merits became increasingly clear. According to White House aides who worked on the search, investing so much time in the process made them increasingly determined to pick the best person. As for Senator Mitchell, we look forward to combing his judicial opinions from Maine, although we're concerned by his 1991 view that the Senate lacked the constitutional authority to enact the Freedom of Choice Act.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FREE LUNCH SELLS BETTER THAN FREE SHOTS.

HOWARD'S END, CONT'D: Officials at Howard University have canceled a lecture by David Brion Davis, the Yale historian, on the subject of slavery. According to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, they are concerned that Davis's views might conflict with those of the Nation of Islam, whose eloquent spokesman, Khalid Abdul Muhammed, gave a packed-house speech a Howard earlier this year (see "Howard's End," TNR March 21). Davis is also Jewish. The university's explanation for the cancellation? "We respect [Davis's work," Associate Dean Paul Logan told the *Chronicle* But right now, the university "could not predict what this group of students [the school's sizable Nation o Islam following] would do."

SMEAR WATCH: We note in passing that the most serious accusation against Morton Halperin—that he was involved with terrorists and met them somewhere in Europe—has been dismissed after a thorough investigation by the Central Intelligence Agency Halperin's FBI file contained nothing worrisome and he has the highest clearance for his new job at the National Security Council. This, of course, will hardly appease his conservative critics, who managed to scotch his nomination as assistant secretary of defense with a blizzard of accusations. For them, a political disagreement was indistinguishable from a smear campaign against Halperin's patriotism. The only consolation is that the record is now straight. What a pity that Bill Clinton didn't stand by his man when it was needed.

PRACTICING WHAT YOU PREACH:

Clinton Wages a Quiet War Against Poverty

—*The New York Times*, March 30

Hillary Clinton Turned $1,000 Into $99,540, White House Says

—*The New York Times*, same day

(Thanks to Warren Wetmore, Hazel Crest, Illinois.)

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THE FLAPJACK FILE

STEINER'S NUTS

By Douglas G. McGrath

Monday, March 28

I feel funny about what we did tonight. As Secret Service agents, we are required to go wherever the president goes—no exceptions, none whatsoever, no matter how many times the First Lady may slap us. It's the No. 1 rule, and as a go-by-the-book kind of guy, I have never broken it. But tonight I went by the book and I feel *really* funny about it. I should have known something fishy was up when Flap came out of the Oval Office with Mrs. Rodham Flap yelling after him, "I want Steiner's nuts on a platter!" When he saw us, Flap flinched and said, "Oh, hi, uh—good luck with those hors d'oeuvres, Hil honey!"

Then, in a black van marked "Tyson's To Go," we drove to Treasury. When we got out, Flap was disguised as a delivery boy. We snuck up to Mr. Steiner's office. Steiner is the kid who works for Mr. Bentsen. (Agent Searle calls them Biff and the Stiff.) The office was locked. Flap asked me for a credit card. Taking it, he said, "Agent Duke, why do you use Citibank Visa? Their rates are so high! You should use Madison Guaranty Visa. I think my rate there was 0.2 percent, and you don't have to pay anything for the first ten years." Then he started to jimmy the lock! In alarm, Agent Searle said, "Mr. President, should you be doing this?" Flap said, "When I ran for office, I called for more open government—" He twisted the card, the lock released and he smiled as he pushed the door open. "Another campaign promise kept!" Flap went through the desk of Mr. Steiner so he could read Mr. Steiner's diaries, copies of which have been sent to Mr. Fiske. He found them under Mr. Steiner's lacrosse mask. He did not steal them, thank God; he just read them into a tape recorder. This is what we heard:

"February 25, 1994: Wild day, man. Woke up too late for gym, so did the Nordic Track while watching C-SPAN and listening with one earphone to Spyro-Gyra's Greatest Hits, Volume One. (When is that Volume Two ever going to come out?) Then met Altman for breakfast. He is not holding up well. I asked him to pass the salt and he recoiled. 'I have no influence over the salt!' he said, slipping his hands under his legs. 'The salt is an independent condiment! If you want the salt, you must go through the proper channels and ask the waiter for it!'

"Then Bentsen comes and tells Mr. A not to worry; he grinned and said the most they could send him away for would be a year. Then he asked me to come with him to a closed-door hearing the Prez wanted him to attend. He was pumped re: this, as he felt Prez was keeping him out of the loop on policy. That made it all the more of a bummer when the hearing turned out to be about a new type of orange men's hair coloring that Senator Thurmond wants to subsidize. On our way back a bee landed on Mr. B's lip. I thought, 'Man, if that bee nabs him in the mouth, this will totally kill his day!' Luckily his lip is so oily, the bee slipped off before it could sting him.

"Read the news at my desk. *So* frustrating to see how little sense of history the press has. Like in my new issue of *Vibe* they say hip hop is only watered-down rap, when anyone with half a brain can see it is a *refinement* of rap.

"Did mail: there was a solicitation from Coach Du Pont to help replate the bridles for Andover Polo, and an invitation to a rave party, which I will decline. That is the same weekend my book club meets to discuss Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.* (That was a funny book!)

"In the middle of this, the Stephmaster calls and he is *out* of his mind. He yells, 'Josh, George. I'm going nuts over this news!' and I said, 'I know, me, too. Hip hop is a *refinement* of rap, not—' But he said, '*Jay Stephens!* How could you guys have hired Jay Stephens to investigate the president? The president fired him from his previous job!'

"Taking heat from the W.H. is part of being a high government official. So I sat quietly, cut Les Aspin, Webb Hubbell, Phil Heymann, Bernie Nussbaum and that chef out of the Clinton administration Christmas portrait, put on my Clearasil and listened. Ickes got on and yelled so loudly that he cracked the glass on Stephmaster's autographed picture of Melina Mercouri.

"'People attack the Clintons no matter *what!*' Steph said. 'Hillary's in trouble because she made money on an *investment*? Can somebody please tell me what's wrong with that? She bought a bucket of Tyson's chicken at *full price* and at the end of the year she had $150,000 worth of stock! She took the risk, she deserves the rewards!'

"I began to think that all the pressure was getting to him. Understandable. Cause otherwise the Stephmaster is a bud. So I said, 'Hey man, chill. Meet me after work. I've read the galleys of Kissinger's book and we can talk about that and get some chow and watch my tape of "Melrose Place."' Steph said, 'What about Jay Stephens?' and I said, 'Bring him if you want, but you sounded kind of upset abou—'

"'*Josh!*' It was Mr. Ickes. I could tell because I heard some glass break and Steph said, 'My Armani ochiali!' But I told them I could not do anything about Jay Stephens, which provoked my 'bud' into saying things that I will not even write down. I'll try to forgive him, but I've got to say, if he's going to use that tone, I don't care if we *are* both senior government officials—I'm never playing beer pong with him again!"

As we left the office, Flap sensed our disappointment in him. He said, "Look, I know you feel funny about what I just did in there. But you're doing your job, which is to protect me, and right now, I—well, I'm just doing your job, too.

DOUGLAS G. MCGRATH is a regular TNR contributor.

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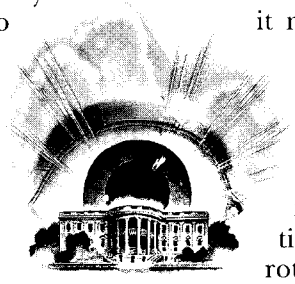
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

NORTH PARIAH

By Fred Barnes

You wouldn't know it from President Clinton's actions, but White House officials insist he's furiously focused on North Korea. Clinton said so himself on "Meet the Press" last November 7. "I spend a lot of time on this issue," he declared. "It's a very, very major issue." True, but when his "principals"—Secretary of State Warren Christopher, Defense Secretary William Perry, national security adviser Anthony Lake, etc.—gathered in mid-March after North Korea barred international inspectors from a key nuclear site, Clinton didn't join them. Nor has he convened a session of the National Security Council to deal with North Korea's continued thumbing of its nose at American policy on nuclear nonproliferation. And after Lake briefed the president on March 30 during the limo ride to a golf date, he was summoned by Clinton to the pro shop—but nope, it wasn't to talk more about North Korea's nuclear weapons program. Clinton wanted to introduce Lake to O.J. Simpson, the ex-football star. (To be fair, Clinton and Lake had discussed North Korea at other times during the president's San Diego vacation.)



Confidence in Clinton's sense of the North Korean situation hasn't been bolstered by his public comments either. On "Meet the Press" he said North Korea "cannot be allowed to develop a nuclear bomb." Unfortunately, North Korea has one nuclear device already, maybe two. At least Perry, CIA Director James Woolsey and ex-Defense Secretary Les Aspin think so. What Clinton was supposed to say, according to an administration official, was that he won't let North Korea become a "nuclear power." There's a big difference between having a bomb and wielding nuclear clout. Clinton still wasn't clear on the subject when he met with Asian leaders in Seattle on November 19, 1993. He would hate for the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) to be unable to list North Korea as nonnuclear, he said. But how could IAEA honestly list North Korea this way now? Clinton didn't say. More recently, at his prime-time press conference on March 25, Clinton said North Koreans must decide if they want to be pariahs or a "full partner" with the United States. "They have many contributions to make," he added. They do? Kim Il Sung, the North Korean dictator, has been in power since 1945 and he hasn't made any yet.

Despite the president's clumsiness, his administration has pursued a consistent policy toward North Korea and its nuclear development: containment without provocation. The gist is the North Koreans can keep the nuke (or nuke) they have now but can't produce any more. In fact, some senior officials believed American pressure was actually working. Sure, the North Koreans might talk nasty and harass IAEA inspectors. But they weren't moving ahead vigorously with their nuclear program. That assessment turned out to be untrue. International inspectors though denied full access to nuclear facilities, discovered in March that North Korea had doubled its capacity to generate plutonium for nuclear weapons. Also, the North Koreans are ready to replace spent fuel, from which plutonium can be obtained, in their nuclear reactor.

This discovery hasn't altered administration thinking yet. Clinton's policy is based, a senior official says, on the more benign of two possible interpretations of North Korean conduct. The favored interpretation is that Kim Il Sung is a tough negotiator who wants to extract every conceivable concession before agreeing to curtail his nuclear ambitions. "The North Koreans play brinkmanship," the official explains, but they can be dealt with through diplomacy. The less benign interpretation may be more realistic: the North Koreans are determined to become a nuclear power. Their strategy, the theory goes, is to tie up the United States and its allies in prolonged negotiations and hassles over inspections, all the while building a nuclear arsenal as rapidly as possible. The trouble with this interpretation, the official says, is it necessitates tough, provocative measures—military posturing, economic sanctions—leading to confrontation and maybe to war. Under Clinton's policy, such measures are to be avoided. Threats of force are out and sanctions are adopted only as a last resort. Thus Perry, at his Senate confirmation hearing in February, talked up "carrots"—and downplayed "sticks"—as the preferred tool in dealing with North Korea. "I'm not anxious to precipitate the use of sticks," Perry said. War with North Korea, he added, "doesn't bear thinking about." When North Korea blocked inspectors from completing their tour of a seventh nuclear site in March, Perry had stronger words. But he ruled out a pre-emptive strike on North Korea's nuclear facilities under current circumstances, saying it "has a high risk of provoking a war ... which would be catastrophic."

The administration's fear of triggering a war put sharp limits on potential steps against North Korea. When the North Koreans initially banned inspectors from two "suspect sites" in March 1993 and threatened to withdraw from the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, the administration responded with carrots. It promised high-level meetings with U.S. officials. The North Koreans relented, and two meetings were held. Then, to get the North Koreans to allow more inspections, the administration agreed to abandon Team Spirit military exercises with South Korea, hold more talks and make trade concessions. The North Koreans finally came around and approved inspection of seven nuclear facilities (but

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not the two "suspect sites"). Only when they reneged on that agreement in March 1994 did the administration turn to slightly sterner measures: more Patriot missiles in South Korea, planning for pre-positioning military supplies there, talk of having Team Spirit after all.

Catering to allies, notably China and South Korea, further limits U.S. pressure. China, which has influence with North Korea but pretends it doesn't, refused to sign a United Nations resolution ordering Kim Il Sung to allow nuclear inspections. So the administration settled for a milder statement urging North Korea to do so. What if North Korea doesn't? Here the statement went limp, threatening only that "further Security Council consideration will take place if necessary in order to achieve full implementation of the IAEA-North Korean safeguards agreement." The South Koreans, too, are leery of going further. They forced the administration to back away from announcing a date for Team Spirit. Rather, they urged a further waiting period, if only to see how North Korea reacts to the U.N. statement joined by China. While vacationing in San Diego, Clinton discussed the problem over the phone with South Korean President Kim Young Sam.

"This is not an encouraging situation," says a White House official. It may get worse this summer when North Korea is expected to shut down its reactor and install a new load of nuclear fuel. The old fuel can be reprocessed into plutonium for more nuclear weapons. Naturally, the IAEA has demanded to inspect the process to make sure this doesn't happen. Should North Korea refuse, "the carrots are done," says a senior official. "The sticks come out." Whatever Clinton decides, the whole world will be watching. •

Romania's dirty little secret.

LAV STORY

By Slavenka Drakulić

I peed in her pink toilet. I washed my hands in her pink sink and corrected my make-up in a mirror above it. For a moment, I even considered taking a bath in her pink tub. Perhaps that was what every Romanian woman wanted to do: enjoy the privilege of Zoe Ceauşescu's bathroom on the first floor of her former residence on Spring Street in Bucharest. I knew she would not have approved of what I had done, but with her parents dead and her family stripped of its possessions, Zoe no longer had a say in this or other matters.

When you enter the villa, separated from the street by high wall, you pass through an entrance hall with mosaics in marble and gold on the floor and on the walls. Then you come into a white marble hall with an elegant staircase that leads upstairs to the living quarters of two of the three Ceauşescu children: son Valentin and daughter Zoe. Zoe's former apartment consists of a salon, a bedroom and a bathroom. The salon and the bedroom are done up in silk wallpaper and heavy silk curtains.

At first glance, the pink bathroom is less impressive than the ornate rooms that surround it. With its heavily designed, gold-plated fixtures and its two shades of pink tile—one forms an abstract pattern on the wall, the other makes a rose bush on the floor—the room is an ordinary, if spacious, bathroom of the sort found in middle-class homes throughout the West. But during the reign of her parents, Nicolae and Elena, Zoe Ceauşescu's bathroom was a sign of ultimate luxury for one very simple reason: it worked, with hot water, toilet paper, soap and all that.

By contrast, Bucharest's toilets—public and private—make you feel as if you have entered an underground world, a place where civilized life has ceased to exist. In the little apartment of a friend, a doctor living on the eighth floor of a skyscraper, there is such a luxury as a bathtub, but it serves only as a container for the water for his toilet. And judging from the calcium deposits, it has been so forever, due to the fact that water, as well as electricity, often goes off.

It gets worse. Take, for example, the famous restaurant *Carul cu Bere*, situated in the center of town in a beautiful nineteenth-century building. It's a classic *Bierstube*, with good food and plenty of dark, carved wood. The atmosphere changes, however, when you venture to the restroom. No sooner has the restaurant door closed behind you than you are hit by the sharp, choking stench of urine. There's not a dry spot on the floor. Nor is there a toilet seat. To flush, you pull a dirty rope. Soap and toilet paper are nonexistent. This is not an exception.

What explains the absence of normal hygienic standards? And why is it important?

Coming from an ex-Communist country myself, I long offered a three-part explanation for the Eastern Bloc's stinking, decrepit toilets. First, the cause was to be found in the dysfunctional Communist system, with its failure to recognize and fulfill people's basic needs, from milk to toilet paper. Second, since everything was collectively owned, no one was accountable. Everyone was absolved of responsibility, which was delegated to a higher level. Someone up there had to decide to repair a public toilet. Third, people were paid next to nothing. Consequently, they didn't work very hard. Growing up in Yugoslavia, there was a saying: "No one can pay me as little as I can work."

After my trip to Bucharest, I must admit that my analysis was wrong. The explanation was good, but not good enough. Communism has gone, but the filth remains. The main question goes unanswered: How can we stand the disorder? How can we pee in such places without feeling offended at the way we live? Toilet seats might be too expensive, but do we have to settle for a piece of rusty wire or a rope to flush the toi-

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let? Why the smell? Why no toilet paper? Why, despite the end of communism, do we witness the continuation of this phenomenon?

Here's a partial answer. If you take a stroll in downtown Bucharest in the middle of winter, all you see are fur hats. It's not because there are no alternatives or because fur is less expensive than wool. No, the fur hat is part of the national peasant costume, and Romania, like most ex-Communist countries, remains a country of peasants. (It was 80 percent peasant before World War II.) After the "glorious victory of communism," the masses migrated to the cities in order to take part in the industrialization of the country. The fact that they flocked to urban areas, however, does not mean that they changed their ways.

Anyone who has ever visited a village in the Balkans or in the former Soviet Union knows that peasants have a different idea of hygiene than city-dwellers: they go here and there, in nature while working in the field or in a wooden cabin in their yard. And their idea of what is regarded as "clean" is certainly different from that of urban folk. There is a difference between having a hole dug in the ground, fenced with four planks, and having a water closet in your apartment—or at least there should be a difference.

In the streets of Bucharest, the link between fur hats and hygienic habits suddenly became obvious to me. The Communist crash course in turning these peasant newcomers into urbanites did not help them to change. They were forced to jump from a village into a city, from feudalism into communism, without an opportunity to develop a civil society with all its values and habits, from private property to human rights, from democracy to toilet paper.

So as much as toilets in Romania reveal the nature of the Communist system, they also reveal the future of democracy. People need time to change their ways and to understand new ideas and values, and one of the most difficult lessons is that of individual responsibility. If we are to undergo yet another crash course, this time in democracy, the result will be more or less the same as it was with communism: democracy will never become more than an ideology manipulated by our new leaders for their own purposes. Anyway, what meaning could democracy possibly have for us today? It is still a mere phantasm, a new utopian concept, a panacea. Most people in the former Communist world have a deformed notion of democracy; it's a kind of natural occurrence that descended on us, not something we had to develop and work for. The values of a civil society are values created by citizens, and one or two generations of peasants living in the cities under a totalitarian regime had no chance of becoming citizens, politically and culturally. Liberal values take time, particularly in countries where clean bathrooms with hot running water, toilet paper and soap used to belong only to dictators.

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ is the author, most recently, of *Marble Skin* (W. W. Norton).

MACEDONIA POSTCARD

FEAR

By Misha Glenny

A confused bunch of people stare as police and firefighters sift through what is left at the scene of the crime. The minaret still stands like a small rocket pointing to the sky, but the rest of the building has been burned beyond recognition. The gutted mosque has become a common, almost mundane sight in Bosnia. But this is Veles, a dusty, unpleasant industrial town in the center of the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia.

The mosque was the only one in Veles. It served Albanians, Bosnian Muslims and the local Islamic Roma community. It went up in flames on March 11. Two days later the government learned that the cause was arson. For four agonizing days government ministers debated whether or not to release their findings. On March 18 they made the information public. "The police don't know who did it," explains Guner Ismael, the minister of culture. "It could have been any number of groups, Christian or Muslim. It is the sort of incident we have to be very careful about."

As an unhappy peace edges slowly toward Bosnia, Macedonia is creeping inexorably toward an internal collapse similar to that which preceded other wars in the former Yugoslavia. "The dominant political party in Macedonia is the Party of Fear," maintains Kole Casule, one of the country's most famous writers and a leader of the 1941 Macedonian uprising against Bulgarian and Nazi occupiers. "There is fear in Parliament, and you can feel the fear on the streets." And with good reason. Macedonia's neighbors—Albania, Serbia, Bulgaria and Greece—regard it with varying degrees of contempt. Worse, the country's domestic fabric is being severely strained by the deteriorating relations between its Slav majority and its huge Albanian minority (between 20 percent and 40 percent of the population, depending on whom you believe).

Macedonia's problems took a turn for the worse on February 15, when Greece imposed a commercial blockade on the country, cutting off its main oil supply line. Western diplomats considered this a reaction to the American decision to recognize Macedonia. Greece, by contrast, asserted that the former Yugoslav republic's use of the word "Macedonia" implies territorial claims on Greece's northern province of the same name. Athens also wants Macedonia to remove the sixteen-point Sun of Vergina from its flag, maintaining that the symbol is Hellenic cultural property.

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The results of the blockade are most visible in the south. At Gevgeljia, a border crossing between Greece and Macedonia, ten lanes of passport and immigration control lie idle. The enormous complex, built to handle thousands of vehicles a day, now sees only a trickle of diplomats and private visitors. Until three years ago, it was among the busiest crossings in Europe, with Turkish *gastarbeiter* and German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian tourists. In one of the duty-free shops on the Macedonian side, the catatonic staff lolls about, surrounded by thousands of unsold bottles of liquor, cartons of cigarettes and giant chocolate bars. "On a very good day, we'll get maybe fifty customers," says a cashier, barely reacting to questions. "But since the blockade, trade has more or less collapsed completely."

On one level, Greece's fear of Macedonia is understandable. Like all modern Balkan countries, Greece has been tossed about on the sea of nineteenth- and twentieth-century history, its borders chopped and changed on the tempestuous voyage. The last time this happened was during the Greek civil war, which followed the Second World War—Communist guerrillas, with the support of Slav Macedonians and Serbia, fought to incorporate the Greek part of Macedonia into a Balkan federation. In the latest round of Balkan diplomacy, however, Greece's efforts have succeeded only in making it seem like a bully: a member of NATO with a huge standing army picking on a tiny, landlocked country with four tanks.

According to a Western diplomat in Athens, "The Greeks imagined that it would be a matter of days before the blockade would begin to bite and gas lines to form. It would then be a matter of months, they believed, before the country was brought to its knees." To judge from the streets of Skopje, Macedonia's capital, you would not know it. There are no gas lines (Macedonia is buying oil from Bulgaria and Albania), and the city retains its status as ex-Yugoslavia's curious economic miracle—the shops are full and the dinar, the local currency, is steadily rising against the dollar and the German mark. "Over the period of a year, the blockade will have an impact," says Macedonian President Kiro Gligorov, "but not immediately."

Far more worrisome than the blockade are the tensions between Slavs and Albanians. Tetovo, the center of Macedonia's Albanian community, lies twenty-five miles to the west of Skopje. The drive there cuts through some of the less imposing peaks of the Balkans before revealing the majesty of the Sar mountains. Directly behind them lies Albania; across them to the north is the southern Serbian province of Kosovo, populated largely by Albanians. An erstwhile Ottoman settlement with tiny shops selling the region's culinary goodies—*burek*, *cevapcici* and baklava—Tetovo is also home to a new radical movement that dominates the main Albanian political organization in Macedonia, the Party for Democratic Prosperity.

The focus of the movement is 29-year-old Menduh Thaqi. Thaqi has caught the imagination of the western Macedonian Albanians. When he speaks, other Albanians in the room exude a silent respect: "If we do not receive full constitutional parity after the elections," he warns, "then we will begin a campaign of civil disobedience. We will also establish our own political structures, including an Albanian assembly."

It is this threat that worries the authorities in Skopje. After all, the creation of alternative political structures by one national community in Croatia and Bosnia started a war. "Macedonia has succeeded in keeping the peace for two years," says Robert Norman, chief of the U.S. Liaison Office in Skopje. "It faces serious problems, both economic and ethnic. Failure to address either could lead to [what] we have witnessed elsewhere in the former Yugoslavia." The country's future should be clearer after the elections in November. Still, Norman adds, "There is no guarantee that the situation will remain stable that long."

Since Macedonia declared its independence in 1991, the Slav-dominated government has worked harder than any other in the former Yugoslavia to accommodate minority rights. Nevertheless, progress has been slow. Although there are five Albanian ministers in Macedonia's coalition government, Albanians still account for only 3 percent of government employees. In addition, teaching in Albanian remains dreadfully inadequate. In the Tetovo region, only forty-two secondary school classes are conducted in Albanian, although Albanians make up 70 percent of the province's 135,000 inhabitants.

Macedonia's prime minister, Branko Crvenkovski, is one of a number of exceptionally capable young politicians in the government. He has no illusions about the delicacy of the situation. "There is no doubt that if a conflict breaks out here in Macedonia, a Balkan war involving Albania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Turkey and Greece is unavoidable," he says.

According to a Macedonian military adviser, "The third Balkan war in Macedonia would see a three-way carve-up between the Albanians in the west, the Serbs in the north and the Bulgarians in the east." This is why Greece's decision to impose the blockade has come in for so much flak from the European Union. "The blockade accelerates the possibility of an internal collapse," says another Western diplomat in Athens. "The resulting war would almost certainly end in an expanded Albanian state, an expanded Bulgarian state and an increased Turkish influence—the blockade runs directly counter to Greece's long-term interests."

If war comes to Macedonia, and it is not unlikely, southeastern Europe will again lurch toward a bloody mire. And like the overwhelming majority in Bosnia, the innocents in Macedonia, who want nothing but peace, will doubtless shoulder the brunt of the conflict's inevitable misery.

MISHA GLENNY is the author of *The Fall of Yugoslavia* (Penguin).

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An Arkansas Slugfest

Editors' note: L. J. Davis's "The Name of Rose" (April 4) not only earned the enmity of TRB *(April 18); it also stirred some of our readers. A particularly pointed critique came from author Gene Lyons and* Arkansas Times *columnist Ernest Dumas, both of Little Rock, who took issue with Davis's article. Their letter is reprinted below. Davis's reply to them and to* TRB *follows.*

How depressing that a magazine of TNR's reputation should be party to a journalistic hoax like L. J. Davis's piece. Since Whitewater broke we have often been irritated by the national press's condescension and shocked by its dishonesty, but in fifty years of observing Arkansas politics, we have never seen anything approaching Davis's zeal for imaginary conspiracies and his contempt for facts.

First, some minor errors to help set the tone; then some whoppers:

(1) "Over the years," Davis writes, the Rose Law Firm "has provided Arkansas with numerous legislators and justices of the state Supreme Court." Numerous? In 157 years exactly one Rose Firm lawyer served a single term in the legislature, from 1966 to 1968. He quit when his partners told him to choose between practicing law or politics. One Rose lawyer joined the Arkansas Supreme Court in 1948—making a total of two if you count Webb Hubbell, whom Clinton appointed to fill a temporary vacancy.

(2) Hubbell, the late Vince Foster and Hillary Rodham Clinton, Davis tells us, arranged for adjoining offices in the "converted YMCA" that became the Rose Firm's home. In reality, it was a YWCA, and Rodham Clinton's office was on the opposite end of the building from the others—a city block away.

(3) Davis portrays Arkansas as a tiny cabal consisting of Stephens Inc., the Rose Law Firm, Bill Clinton and his manipulative wife—a sort of deep-fat-fried Gambino family. This is absurd. At the very least, he should know that Clinton's chief of staff and the de facto governor during the 1992 campaign was Bill Bowen, the ex-president of First Commercial Bank—Stephens Inc.'s great rival; that Clinton aide Bruce Lindsey hails from the firm of Wright, Lindsey & Jennings; and that Rose is considered by everyone in Little Rock to be the *least* politically active of the city's large firms.

(4) "With the stroke of a pen and without a visible second thought," Davis writes, "then-Governor Bill Clinton ... gave life to two pieces of legislation inspired by his wife's boss [Rose partner Joe Giroir]—revising the usury laws and permitting the formation of new bank holding companies." Dead wrong. Arkansas's 10 percent limit on loan interest was strangling the state economically in the early 1980s. It wasn't Stephens Inc. and Joe Giroir who wanted it changed; it was every bank, car dealer and large retailer.

Nor was it Bill Clinton who changed it. It was Republican Governor Frank White who persuaded the legislature to place a constitutional amendment on the 1982 general election ballot. In his comeback race against White, Clinton needed the support of organized labor, which opposed the change, so he pretty much sat on the fence. He won the election, the usury amendment passed *without his help* and White returned to his banking career.

(5) Davis writes darkly that "Worthen [National Bank] could not have been brought to life without [Bill Clinton's] government." Rubbish. Worthen was already a federally chartered bank holding company called FABCO (First Arkansas Bankstock Company) years before Clinton took office in 1979. But it couldn't operate inside Arkansas because of laws set up to protect rural banks from the big boys in Little Rock. Worthen, independent from Stephens Inc. at the time, had *always* wanted banking reform.

Thus, every secret connivance Davis deduces from the original falsehood is equally wrong. Rose *didn't* get Worthen Bank's legal business as a payoff to Clinton; Rose has been Worthen's chief counsel for fifty years. Clinton *didn't* favor Worthen by making it "a major depository of the state's tax receipts"; it had been *the* major depository many years before Clinton became governor and Stephens Inc. bought a 26 percent (not 40 percent) share of Worthen stock to help prevent it from going under.

It *is* true, as Davis ominously notes, that Worthen gave Clinton's 1992 campaign a $3.5 million line of credit, and that the campaign used the bank as a depository for $55 million in federal campaign funds. What he neglects to point out is that the $3.5 million was a bridge loan secured by federally guaranteed funds, and that Clinton avoided his chief of staff's bank and went to a political rival in order to appear above reproach.

(6) Speaking of disclosure, Davis says the "Arkansas ethics-in-government act, passed in 1988 ... [applied to legislators but] specifically exempted the governor and other elected or appointed officials." Another fantasy. Arkansas had no real ethics law at all until Clinton came along. It was conceived only after a bitter battle with—interestingly enough—Stephens Inc. and the poultry producers, who successfully lobbied against a half-cent education sales tax increase in 1987 and 1988. Frustrated, Clinton convened a statewide panel to write an ethics law and then called a special legislative session. When the selfsame "special interests" gutted the thing, he sent the legislature home, put the new standards on the 1988 ballot as a referendum and campaigned hard for them. They passed. The law applies to all legislators and constitutional officers—including the governor—and all significant sources of income, including money earned by wives who practice law. Omitted from coverage are county and local officials, appointees to state boards and other persons doing low- or no-pay civic work.

(7) Davis's central premise seems to be that Stephens Inc. won vast illicit wealth through shady bond deals with the Clinton administration. He writes that "the intimate connection between Rose, Stephens Inc. and the governor's office may help explain how the Stephens family made a huge amount of money when its most visible enterprises were doing no such thing."

Perhaps Davis is unaware that Jack Stephens is a card-carrying Republican who has bankrolled and supported nearly every Clinton challenger. At the very least, Davis should know that the value of Stephens Inc. comprises just under 7 percent of the Stephens family's $1.7 billion net worth. Besides vast natural gas reserves in Arkansas and four other states, the Stephens family owns huge soft coal reserves, banks, gas and electric utilities, newspapers and scores of other concerns. Over the past decade, Stephens Inc.'s underwriting fees on bonds issued by all Arkansas government agencies totaled $2.1 million—less than one-half of 1 percent of the firm's revenues. Thus Arkansas government business brings in only $1 out of every $8,000 of Stephens family income in any given year.

(8) Davis made the Arkansas Development & Finance Authority sound like a Clinton-inspired, bonds-for-pals program, but he got the ADFA story wrong. Before Clinton created the statewide bonding authority in 1985, Stephens Inc. was the underwriter on close to 100 percent of Arkansas government and industrial bonds. Since the whole purpose of ADFA was to pool

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all the business in one place—thus attracting competition—it's no surprise that Stephens Inc. *opposed* its creation. Once the bond business was consolidated, Wall Street firms got interested and became the lead underwriters. Yes, Stephens Inc. helped sell 78 percent of Arkansas bonds, but its actual share of the revenue dropped to around 15 percent. Clinton cost Stephens Inc. millions of dollars.

(9) And what of the Great Worthen Bank Building Fire of 1994, the jokey apocalypse that wrapped Davis's lurid saga together? A space heater under a secretary's desk on the fourteenth floor ignited a stack of fax paper, triggering the sprinkler system. The result? A bunch of stuff in a rented accountant's office got soaked and smoky. All the "incriminating" documents Davis huffs about lie undisturbed in hidden file cabinets eight or more floors below, fingerprints intact. But hurry—the shredders are working day and night, like an army of electronic locusts.

GENE LYONS and ERNEST DUMAS

Criticism of my article falls into two categories. The first, the "I am not a reporter" school of punditry, is exemplified by TRB. For example, with a small expenditure of effort, TRB could have discovered that I never said that pages from my notebook are missing—because they aren't. Also, I never said I was "conked" on the head, because the word "conk" implies human intervention. I have no idea what happened to me that night. I remember opening the door of my hotel room. I remember waking up on the foyer floor four hours later with a lump over my left ear and a sprained right elbow. Of course, I might have tripped over the rug, but it was glued to the floor. I might have hit my head on a piece of furniture, except there was not a single stick of furniture in the foyer. My doctor's diagnosis was that I was struck on the head with the proverbial blunt instrument. More than that I don't know—and when I don't know something, I don't report it.

The second category of criticism consists of people who call me names while attempting to rend my alleged tissue of lies by picking nits. Gene Lyons and Ernest Dumas fall into this group. I address their objections in order.

(1) According to Martindale & Hubbell, the definitive guidebook to the legal profession, six Rose lawyers, not two, have served on the Arkansas Supreme Court—three of them as chief justice. Service in the state legislature is also listed among the accomplishments of the Rose partners. The Rose entry was written by Rose itself.

(2) Concerning the former identity of the Rose office building, Lyons and Dumas are right and I am wrong. It was a former YWCA, not a former YMCA. For the location of Rodham Clinton's office, I relied on two credible outside sources. Both mistakes might have been avoided had anyone at the Rose Firm returned my phone calls.

(3) I did not portray Arkansas as "a tiny cabal" of Rose, Stephens and the Clintons. I described the power exercised by Stephens (great), Rose (considerable) and the then-governor (large). At no point did I call Rodham Clinton "manipulative." I remarked, on the basis of abundant evidence, that she didn't spend a lot of time doing legal work, at least as compared with other lawyers. Another point: no matter who else was on the committee campaigning to have the Arkansas banking code revised, Joe Giroir was the head of it—and he made a very handsome sum when he sold four banks he just happened to own following the revision of the code for which he had lobbied.

(4) The revised banking code may have been passed under Governor White, but it was enacted in autumn 1983, many months after Bill Clinton had returned to the governor's mansion. This gave him ample time to campaign against a change that created the appearance—if not the substance—of several striking conflicts of interest involving his own family.

(5) Lyons and Dumas confuse three separate entities: the Worthen Bank; FABCO, the original bank holding company; and the newly named Worthen bank holding company, which suddenly became much larger when it was allowed to own in-state banks. The new Worthen bank holding company included but was not limited to Worthen bank. That's why it matters not a tittle that Rose had been Worthen's outside counsel for many years. It was now the outside counsel to a new entity that would generate new fees.

Moreover, I went out of my way to mention that the presence of Arkansas state funds in Worthen was *not* unusual; and even the most casual reading of my words will reveal that I said the Stephens firm *eventually* owned 40 percent of the company's stock—not that they owned 40 percent at the time of the rescue. Lyons and Dumas also fail to mention that the timely, prearranged arrival of Worthen's line of credit kept alive Clinton's broke, badly faltering 1992 campaign until it was able to recover.

(6) As to the ethics-in-government act, Lyons and Dumas focus on the law now on the books. I was interested in the peculiar law it replaced, which was in effect for a few of Clinton's years as governor. I thought this was a fair avenue of inquiry, but don't take my word. *The Los Angeles Times*, for one, has also found that it exempted various state officials—the governor included.

(7) I specifically wrote of the Stephens family's bewildering variety of enterprises. Why did I say that the family's most visible ones—Stephens Inc. and Worthen—weren't in hot shape? Because they weren't; see *Forbes*, the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* and other knowledgeable publications, not to mention SEC documents. Yes, I know Jack Stephens was a card-carrying Republican, and that being one meant he gave up some of his family's political leverage. So what? The family still remained a power in the Arkansas bond business.

(8) Although ADFA's creation concentrated much of the state bonding function in one place, it lacked rudimentary financial controls and signed off on every private purpose bond issued by a state agency. Thus ADFA, not the state legislature, told the agencies how many bonds they could issue. True, the Stephenses lost some business, but they kept a lot of it, too, and Clinton was able to broaden his circle of friends in the investment banking community.

(9) What of the great Worthen fire? First, I'm amazed that Lyons and Dumas aren't more curious as to why the arrival of a special prosecutor was followed by a fire in the offices of one of his likely investigative targets. Second, I never said the "incriminating" documents are in Worthen, because they aren't. Third, fire investigators told me that the heater had *not* malfunctioned; anyway, it is very difficult for a modern space heater to start a fire. Fourth, the smoke and water damage to the Worthen building extends from the ninth floor to the twenty-fourth.

Where I come from, a reporter is not only paid to think, but also to call the fire department and find out just how bad the damn fire was. On the other hand, I don't come from Arkansas.

L. J. DAVIS

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The party's future—and Mexico's.

PRI-OCCUPIED

By Enrique Krauze

"It's pure Shakespeare," Octavio Paz said to me on the telephone, minutes after we learned of the assassination of Luis Donaldo Colosio. Just a few days earlier, we had been to dinner at the home of the PRI presidential candidate. At dessert time, Diana Laura, Colosio's brilliant wife, produced a birthday cake with eighty candles on it to commemorate—two weeks ahead of time—Paz's birthday. "We're celebrating now," she remarked, "because who knows when we'll see one another again."

Luis Donaldo Colosio was extremely gentle, courteous and discreet. In music, his tastes ran to Bach. His face, often wreathed in smiles, resembled that of a classic Mexican cowboy. But his eyes betrayed another sentiment—a kind of childlike sadness. When I met him for the first time, around 1991, he was already president of the Institutional Revolutionary Party, the PRI, and was facing the first great crisis of his party during Carlos Salinas's administration: a pre-electoral conflict in the state of Guanajuato. I was much struck by his frankness and willingness to be self-critical. Colosio shared the view that only by breaking with the PRI's political monopoly would it be possible to open up political life in Mexico. Months before, he had acknowledged the victory of the opposition National Action Party in the state of Northern Baja California (the first time the PRI had done so since its creation in 1929), and he didn't hesitate to sacrifice his own candidate in Guanajuato when the PRI victory was questioned by the opposition there.

With time, I began to suspect that Colosio was troubled by an inner contradiction, as if he was both proud and ashamed to be a member of the PRI. His subsequent presidential nomination didn't resolve the conflict: in fact, I think it deepened it, which helps explain his lackluster campaign. Colosio knew that the PRI had given Mexico decades of stability and growth, saving the country from the maelstrom of dictatorship and anarchy typical of so many other Latin American countries throughout the twentieth century. But he knew also that the sources of the party's legitimacy (the now distant Revolution of 1910; the ability to distribute money, jobs and privilege; the respect for civil liberties; the absence of any serious opposition) had begun to exhaust itself in 1968, when hundreds of student demonstrators were slaughtered at the Plaza of Three Cultures in Mexico City. During the years that followed, more and more people came to believe that democracy was the only means of achieving genuine political legitimacy in the country: they demanded, therefore, honest elections at local, state and federal levels, but also an end to the one-party state.

Up to a certain point, Colosio shared these ideas. Carefully, quietly, he tried to modify the PRI's vertical and corporatist structure (divided into three sectors—"worker," "peasant" and "popular," i.e., middle-class) through a horizontal reform that would increasingly convert it into a party of active citizens. He was not, on the whole, successful. Some time later his presidential campaign advanced the same ideas: to reconcile the principle and practice of the Mexican constitution. Colosio wanted Mexico to be, in effect, what that charter claims it to be: a republic at once "representative, democratic and federal," not a monarchy with a six-year writ, centralized and absolutist, in which a president-monarch is limited only by his single term. "I swear to you on the lives of my children that I do not want a single stolen vote," he once said to me. In the vehemence of his private remarks I began to perceive a certain shadow of despair. "I prefer not to be elected rather than to be elected by fraud," he added, almost as if he would have preferred not to be elected at all.

Colosio was convinced of the need for change in Mexico, but he did not clearly see the paths by which we would arrive at such a transformation. The crudeness and brutality of Mexican political practices upset him. His goal was to play the game by the rules, and he expected the same kind of conduct from his opponents and from the voters. That's why, from the very beginning, he dispensed with the usual security guards. Mounted on his blue Chevy Blazer (mounted is just the right word: Colosio was the son of a rancher and stock breeder from the state of Sonora), he made the rounds of Mexico's towns, even its smallest villages, to be close to the people. "You will protect me," he used to say confidently to friends and associates who complained about his lack of protection.

In spite of this, his campaign never quite got off the ground. The rebellion in Chiapas; the latent competition with Manuel Camacho (the former mayor of Mexico City, his unsuccessful rival in the contest to be the official candidate); the force of the left-wing opposition led by Cuauhtemoc Cárdenas; and Colosio's evident dependence on Salinas—all of these factors worked against him. His directness and lack of pretension won him sympathy, but many noticed in his political persona a troubling insecurity.

As time passed, that vague uneasiness turned into a kind of foreboding. One had the feeling that here was a man who understood neither how nor why such a heroic destiny had been thrust on him. In his speeches Colosio repeatedly insisted, "I want to be president," as if to convince himself of a lie, or at best of a half-truth: he wanted but didn't want it, or he didn't want it

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enough, or he wanted it with a fear that immobilized him. I am sure he didn't foresee his terrible end, but I believe he saw himself as a protagonist in a drama of power that would ultimately overwhelm him. He asked advice a bit too often; he took too many notes; he delayed his decisions a bit too long; he was too reticent when he should have spoken up. Not that he lacked personal courage or intelligence, not at all. But he did not inspire a word that he used so often as a slogan of his campaign: certitude. Certitude as to his role, his capacities, above all his destiny. He must have reflected often on what would become of his family (after an early failed marriage, he had remarried happily and had an 8-year-old son and a 1-year-old daughter). When I learned of his assassination, I recalled a line from somewhere in the works of Octavio Paz: "In the savage logic of Mexican history, he who flees from power runs afoul of a fatal contradiction, which is that power ultimately destroys him."

Back in December 1993 I had heard Colosio announce with evident relief, "I have asked Field-Marshal Zedillo to run my campaign." A couple of years younger than Colosio, decisive, cerebral and razor-sharp, Zedillo was his perfect complement. Salinas himself had seriously considered Zedillo before finally settling on Colosio as his preferred successor.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In reality, Salinas had four options before him: the minister of the treasury, Pedro Aspe; the mayor of Mexico City, Manuel Camacho; the secretary of education, Ernesto Zedillo; and the secretary of social development and ecology, Luis Donaldo Colosio (Colosio had quit the PRI leadership in 1992). The first he rejected for reasons of image: Aspe had been one of Mexico's best ministers of the treasury, but his reputation as a technocratic highbrow made him unpopular. Popularity was the one thing Camacho—a friend of Salinas's since student days—didn't lack. Moreover, they say that years ago the two had made an irrevocable pact—first Salinas, then Camacho. But Camacho, a consummate politician, alienated the rest of the Cabinet, and worse, his populist excursions had frightened the private sector, so that, much to his surprise, he was eventually cast aside. Zedillo began to seem like a likely successor until a furor surrounding some history textbooks suddenly broke his ascent. Finally Salinas remained with a single card, that of the faithful disciple who owed him everything—Luis Donaldo Colosio.

Once the NAFTA treaty was approved in November 1993, the future of Mexico seemed peachy: in full and successful perestroika, Salinas believed he could shape glasnost according to his own convenience. His economic team would stay on; the popularity of Salinas's social program—which provided support for the poorest Mexicans under the label of "Solidarity," and which was administered two years ago by Colosio himself—would assure a victory at the ballot box. Yes, Mexico would also progress toward democracy, but gradually. Unfortunately, at the very summit of Salinas's success, a rebellion broke out in the state of Chiapas. Its double demand was justice for the native peoples and democracy for Mexico, a call that struck a chord across the entire country.

"Politics is a play with the fastest story line imaginable," the Mexican writer Alejandro Rossi once remarked to me. Since January the speed has been incredible. Having failed to become the official candidate, Camacho suddenly reappeared as the only person capable of negotiating peace in Chiapas, a task he was performing with such signal success that it was thought he might burst forth at any moment as an independent candidate. That very rebellion against the PRI was his misfortune once Colosio was gone. Because Camacho never openly supported Colosio—and even more, because Colosio constituted something of an obstacle to Camacho's troubled campaign—public opinion discarded Camacho as a possible substitute. Salinas and the PRI were now confronted with the need to find a replacement, and there was quite a struggle before one was found. The "hard line" of the PRI wanted a

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veteran politician, but in the end, the president prevailed. The story returned to its very beginning: the candidate chosen was Ernesto Zedillo.

A former graduate student at Yale, Zedillo first distinguished himself during Mexico's financial crisis in 1982. In effect, the country had declared bankruptcy. At the Bank of Mexico, Zedillo, then a mere 30 years old, designed an original and highly successful system of exchange clearances and support for private companies burdened by heavy dollar debts. In 1987 he helped fashion the Pact of Economic Growth, under which the inflation rate in Mexico has dropped from 150 percent a year to 9 percent. His success in these tasks led a year later to his promotion as secretary of budget and planning, where he acted as a kind of "field marshal" of public expenditures and also designed the Solidarity program. Finally, Salinas called him to the ministry of education.

There Zedillo acted with characteristic dispatch. He was faced with two urgent problems. The first was to federalize education in Mexico, which is to say, compel each state to take responsibility for its own system, much as in the United States. Zedillo negotiated successfully—and in record time—with the teachers' union (the largest in Latin America, with more than 1 million members). His other goal was to replace Mexico's antiquated school texts—mainly those that dealt with history—with more modern versions. It was long overdue: the existing texts, products of the populist administration of President Luis Echevarría (1970-1976) were full of praise for Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh. They assigned all the world's evils to capitalism; they could easily have been used in Cuba without much change. The new texts were much more balanced, but they were written in an abstract, academic style impenetrable to the young, and they almost entirely left out Mexico's cult of national heroes. This was no doubt commendable in a revisionist monograph, but a little odd for a school textbook. For example: in a single paragraph, the books blamed the Mexican army for the slaughter of students in 1968, which immediately raised the ire of the military against Zedillo. His reformed texts had to be quietly withdrawn from circulation. With a lower profile, and apparently discarded as a serious candidate for the presidency, Zedillo learned his lesson: he concentrated on the federalization of education, produced yet newer history texts and improved the always problematic relationship between the government and the universities. His old friendship with Colosio kept him in the political loop; so no one was too surprised when the candidate called on the tough "field marshal" to run his campaign.

Zedillo now grasps the banners of the PRI with several advantages. He no longer labors under the shadow of Camacho, as Colosio did. He labors under the shadow of Colosio, but as in the case of Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy, the shadow turned out to be a political boon after Colosio's death. It is tragic but true: according to the "fastest story line imaginable," Colosio—the candidate who in life seemed unable to assure the victory of the PRI—once dead, seems to guarantee it. By temperament and conviction, Zedillo, perhaps even more than Colosio, is utterly immune to the populist temptation, and even more committed to Salinas's economic and social programs. With a wave of sympathy behind him, he has a chance to compete honestly in the next elections, and even to guide Mexico along the paths of democratic normalcy.

To be sure, the PRI is not a homogeneous body. Its bureaucracy is controlled by the so-called "dinosaurs," whose credo, chapter and verse, is, "We have shot our way into power, and they'll have to shoot us out of it." For the other parties involved, the show has hardly ended. What will be the attitude, for example, of the Zapatistas? Will they join the Pact of Peace and Reconstruction that currently is being drafted? What attitude will the "Cárdenista" left, which still refuses to become a responsible party of opposition, assume in the event that it is defeated in the elections of August 21? Will it make common cause with the guerrilla forces? Will it issue a call for civil disobedience? What posture can be expected from the only genuinely democratic party in Mexico, the Party of National Action (PAN)? In spite of its long history (founded in 1939) and its honorable record (it has never ceased to fight for political pluralism), it also has been a bit too docile with respect to the Salinas administration, a docility that, in the present context, may well prove costly. Will the facts surrounding Colosio's murder eventually come to light, or will the whole business linger in a limbo of rumor and mystery, as in the case of Kennedy? If so, the PRI might face its doom: people in the streets say Colosio was killed by the local PRI in Baja California.

Ultimately, the only solution to Mexico's drama is the country's complete democratization. At the very beginning of its independent life, Mexico tried, but failed, to become a monarchy. Forced to become a republic, it nonetheless fashioned a kind of compromise—creating a monarchy in republican dress. With a few brief democratic interludes, this is what it has been for almost two centuries. But now the context is very different. In a democratic world, with a society that is far more aware, it has no choice but to cast off its disguise and become an outright democracy. So far it has been reluctant to do so, preferring, as if in one of Shakespeare's plays, to revive the drama of legitimacy every six years. If Zedillo does not use this chance to follow the Spanish example and give the transition to democracy his highest priority, violence could reappear—as it did in the case of Colosio—when one least expects it.

ENRIQUE KRAUZE, co-editor of *Vuelta* magazine, is writing a book about power and religion in Mexico. This article was translated from the Spanish by Mark Falcoff.

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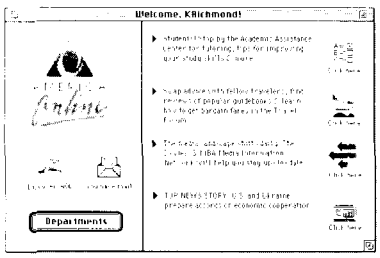

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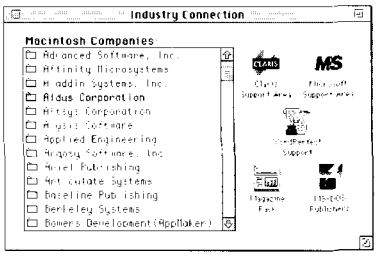

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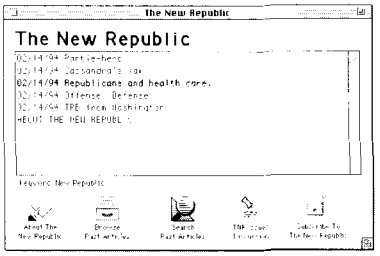

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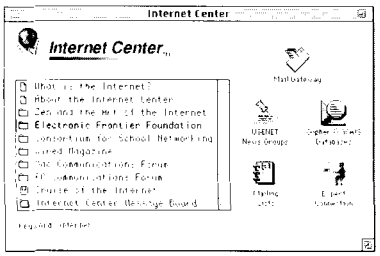

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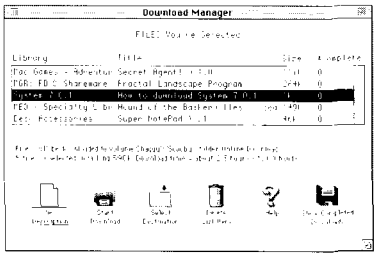

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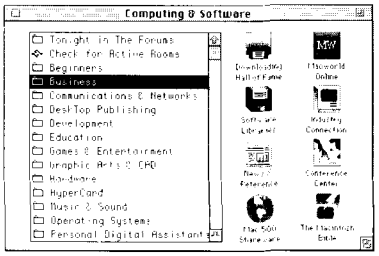

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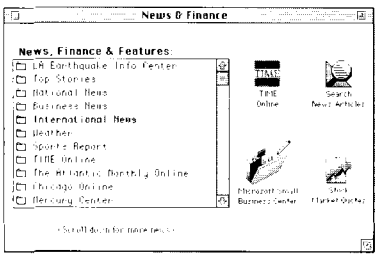

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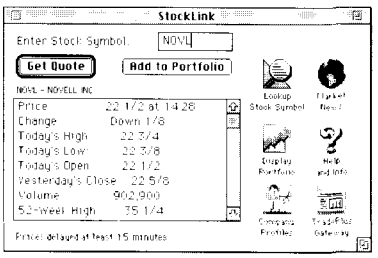

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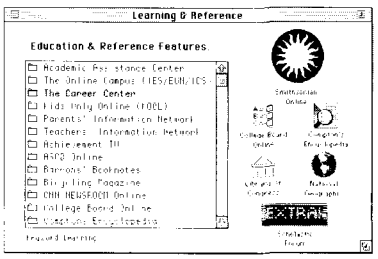

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A promising start on welfare reform.

TOUGH ENOUGH

By Mickey Kaus

If you want to be skeptical about Bill Clinton's effort to "end welfare as we know it," there's plenty of evidence to draw on. In the early moments of his presidency, Clinton let welfare reform get cut from his five-year budget plans. He then appointed a task force that, fifteen months into his term, has yet to produce a proposal. The idea Clinton campaigned on—a two-year time limit on welfare, after which recipients would be required to work, in public jobs if necessary—is still fiercely opposed by liberal advocacy groups and by public employee unions who fear recipients might be put to work doing things union members now do. Democratic leaders in the House show little enthusiasm for voting on a welfare bill this year, and Clinton himself tends to drop the subject when listing his immediate priorities.

Then there is the substance of the plan Clinton's task force is working on. The group is chaired by White House aide Bruce Reed and two former Harvard professors, David Ellwood and Mary Jo Bane, who are now assistant secretaries at the Department of Health and Human Services. The panel's deliberations have been secretive, with confidential memos distributed at meetings, then collected forty-five minutes later, each copy stamped on every page with the name of the person who read it (to prevent anyone from ripping out a page and leaking it to the press). But in early March task force officials learned that Jason DeParle of *The New York Times* had obtained a summary of the plan as it stood on February 28. Rather than let DeParle have a scoop, the officials decided to distribute the document to reporters and members of Congress. The result was more ammunition for skeptics.

The February memo seems to envision a reform long on new social spending and short on tough work requirements. Of $15 billion in new spending over five years, $8.4 billion would go to provide day care. Almost $3 billion would go for education, training and other services for those on the welfare rolls. Another $2 billion would go to *expand* welfare to cover additional two-parent families. Yet at the end of the five years, out of a caseload that currently contains roughly 4.8 million families, a mere 130,000 recipients—about 3 percent—would have used up their benefits and enrolled in the administration's program of required work (inventively titled the WORK program). In later versions of the plan the number of WORK workers rises—but only to 170,000.

So has Clinton sold out on welfare reform? I don't think so. Not yet, anyway. The draft Clinton proposal is a good deal more radical—and "tough"—than the raw numbers would indicate. (One clue: most of the leaks to the press have come from paleoliberals on the task force who think the plan is too harsh.) In particular, two decisions made by Reed, Ellwood and Bane seem to offer at least the potential not just to "end welfare as we know it" (whatever that means) but to begin to do what Clinton has more pointedly pledged: to "break the permanent culture of dependence."

The first of the two key decisions was driven, in part, by Clinton's blunder in excluding welfare reform from his initial budget. It's always cheaper to send welfare mothers checks than to give them jobs, because providing a job means paying for day care, supervisors and equipment (desks, typewriters, brooms, etc.) in addition to a paycheck. Had Clinton included welfare in his first budget, some of the $241 billion in taxes he raised in 1993 could have gone to pay for the jobs necessary to enforce a broad two-years-and-go-to-work time limit. But now, under the deficit-cutting rules established in the 1990 budget deal, every dollar Clinton spends on welfare reform must be paid for either by *new* tax increases or by cuts in other entitlement programs.

Isn't "breaking the permanent culture of dependence" worth a tax increase—or, better, the closing of a few tax loopholes? A good question. But Clinton doesn't seem to be asking it. As a result, his welfare reform task force is operating within severe financial constraints. The danger is that without money there won't be enough last-resort public service jobs (and day care) for those recipients who use up their allotted two years. If that happens, either Clinton will have to cut recipients off after two years without offering them a last-resort job (a harsh measure, especially in high-unemployment areas) or else he will keep sending them checks, in which case his work requirement becomes a joke.

If you don't have enough cash to apply a work test to the whole welfare caseload, the next-best solution—suggested by Paul Offner in these pages (see "Target the Kids," January 24)—is to apply it strictly to a clearly defined part of the caseload. That is what the Clintonites have decided to do. They would impose the two-years-and-work regime only on recipients born after 1971. That means that by 1997, when Clinton's plan is scheduled to begin, the two-years rule would apply to the roughly 1.8 million welfare mothers (and fathers) who will be 26 or younger. Older recipients would be off the hook. But under-26 Americans—most importantly, teenage girls who haven't yet had the illegitimate child that puts them on the dole—would know that for them, welfare-as-usual had ended. The task force ignored dissenters who noted that older recipients are easier to push into the labor market. That may be true but (in part precisely because it is true) the younger recipients are the heart of the underclass. According to one study, 43 percent of long-term welfare recipient

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had their first child when they were 17 or younger.

Of course, if the administration is going to deter potential welfare recipients, it matters what sort of work requirement lies in store for them if they use up their two years. Here the Clintonites made their second, surprisingly tough decision. During the 1992 campaign Clinton himself hinted that the penalty imposed on recipients who refused to go to work would be the "sanction" authorized under current law—that is, they would lose only a small part of their check (in California, about $90 of a combined welfare and food stamp benefit of $850). And Clinton's task force did keep this weak penalty for recipients who fail to show up for "job search" or training classes during their allotted two years. But for those who use up their two years and are offered jobs, the task force prescribes stronger medicine, the same medicine that applies to those who aren't in the welfare system: "If the person does not work, he or she does not get paid." The "sanction," in effect, is loss of *all* benefits, or at least all welfare benefits. (The draft plan would let even nonworkers keep getting food stamps and Medicaid.)

The Clintonites, with good reason, seem to regard this "work for wages" principle as a sort of unique selling proposition of their plan. The traditional get-tough prescription for welfare, after all, is so-called workfare. But in "workfare," the recipients keep getting checks. It's up to the welfare bureaucracy to "sanction" them if they don't show up and "work off" their benefits. In practice, this remote-control arrangement can be cumbersome. It's always difficult to take benefits away from people once they're getting them. And the courts have made it especially difficult, requiring, as a matter of constitutional right, hearings at which legal aid attorneys may dispute the bureaucrats' judgment. (Did recipient X have "good cause" not to show up at work that week?) The Clinton "work for wages" plan, in theory, cuts through all this procedure. After two years the checks would simply end. If an erstwhile welfare mother needed more money, she would have to show up and work for it.

That's the good news. If Clinton's welfare reform were a new car, you might say that its basic engine and chassis (the two-year limit, the under-26 phase-in, work for wages) is sound. But some of the extra-cost options the task force has chosen are unnecessarily expensive and even potentially dangerous—and there is one vital part that's missing. The four biggest trouble spots are these:

The two-parent trap. The February 28 task force report pledges action aimed at "eliminating or reducing the current bias ... in which two-parent families are subject to more stringent eligibility rules than single-parent families." Isn't that a worthy reform? One of the perversities of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), the main federal welfare program, has always been that it favors single parents. The message appears to be "break up your family, get a check." There *is* a program for two-parent families, but it's kept small by two seemingly odd restrictions: the family breadwinner must have a history of prior work (six quarters out of thirteen), but can't work more than 100 hours a month. Those are the rules the Clintonites (along with many Republican reformers) want to eliminate.

Unfortunately, the elimination of the old perversities may create new perversities. It would, in effect, make AFDC a guaranteed income for all Americans with children. Currently, poor families know they have a choice: they can split up, with the mother going on welfare, or they can slog it out in the world of work (with the help of food stamps, but not AFDC). Many just-forming families choose the latter route. But the Clintonites would give them a third alternative—go on the dole, get two years of benefits and think about working later. The couple wouldn't even have to get married to qualify!

Mightn't millions of the "working poor" decide this is too good a deal to pass up, producing a two-parent welfare explosion? The authors of the Clinton plan say no, noting that when Michigan eliminated the restrictions on two-parent aid, welfare rolls grew only slightly. They estimate an increase of just 200,000 cases nationwide. But it's a big chance to take, especially since the Clinton plan will also make welfare more attractive by allowing recipients to keep more assets. We don't have enough confidence in our ability to get people off of welfare to risk sucking hundreds of thousands more families into the system. And there is no good evidence, from those states that have tried expanding two-parent welfare, that it actually reduces the ranks of *single* parents on AFDC.

The "two-parent" option would eventually eat up almost one-sixth of the annual welfare reform budget—about $1 billion a year, by the administration's own estimate. That's $1 billion Clinton doesn't have, so there is talk that the two-parent "piece" of the plan may soon be dropped. Good idea.

The part-time temptation. Even without new two-parent rules, there are reasons to fear the Clinton plan will produce a big increase in the welfare rolls. One worry is that by offering AFDC recipients training and day care, Clinton might actually lure them onto the dole. Even if they would have gone on anyway, they might be encouraged to stay longer in order to complete their training, or simply to take advantage of their two "free" years. Reed, the task force co-chair, disagrees. "I don't think federal training programs are much of a magnet for anybody," he argues, only half-jokingly. The Clintonites have included $5 billion worth of day care for the non-welfare poor in order to avoid giving welfare mothers something poor working mothers can't get. Reed also notes that the plan counters any "I'll-stay-two-years" attitude by requiring recipients to immediately search for jobs.

But there is another reason the rolls might increase: if more part-time workers decide to take advantage of AFDC, mixing a bit of work with a bit of welfare. That's difficult to do when welfare benefits are reduced rapidly for every dollar of earnings, as they typically are now. Most people who work any significant amount of time make too much money to qualify for AFDC. But

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Kvetch, Kvetch

Once, welfare reform was anathema to liberals. They saw it as a conservative plot to demonize the poor. Now, liberals have a problem. With tough-looking reform a centerpiece of a Democratic president's agenda, it's getting harder and harder to keep the paleoliberal fires burning while avoiding a clash with the White House. So what to do? In the last few months paleos have devised strategies to stay afloat. Here are a few of them.

Talk Neo, Act Paleo. Hypocrisy, of course, has long been a feature of most politicians' careers, but lately it has come in handy for the paleos. "We see so many young women of color on welfare," says D.C. congressional delegate Eleanor Holmes Norton, trumpeting her neoliberal credentials. "Those young women are not sufficiently attached to the fathers [of their children]." California Representative Robert Filner thunders, "I want to end welfare." But at the same time, both of these politicians have worked hard to protect the very things they've been raging against. Last November Norton, Filner and eighty-seven other House liberals endorsed the recommendations of the Coalition on Human Needs (CHN), whose welfare reform task force opposes work requirements, time limits and other neoliberal aspects of the Clinton reform plan.

"Nobody knows what the hell you're talking about when you say, 'End welfare as we know it,' " Norton says. "We have adopted it," she adds, referring to the liberals' strategy, "[though] there are lots of folks who are suspicious of the slogan."

Change your tune. To find someone who still derides reform efforts in public, you have to go as far left as welfare rights doyen Frances Fox Piven, a political science professor at the City University of New York. "The problems of welfare have been miscast and exaggerated," Piven says. What about the argument that welfare produces incentives for recipients not to work? "The General Accounting Office reviewed studies that prove [the argument] didn't hold." (Joseph Delfico, the GAO's director of income security issues, denies such studies exist: "I don't know how you'd go about testing that," he says.)

These days most liberals know it's important to sound tough. Take Representative Robert Matsui of California. In 1988 Matsui slammed a reform proposal that would have required recipients to take part in job training and job search programs. "I'm a little ashamed of my party for supporting this bill," he said then. Earlier this year, though, Matsui recalled the bill much more charitably. "I didn't have any problems with the program itself," he said. And last month he decided he liked it even more. Matsui told a reporter, "Overall, the [1988] legislation was a remarkable achievement."

Attach conditions. Paleos say they support time limits, workfare requirements and other politically popular components of reform, but they fear such rules will force the poor into low-wage, dead-end jobs. So one way out is to back proposed new rules but bog them down with a mass of costly, impractical conditions. Tennessee Representative Harold Ford, who chairs the key House Ways and Means Subcommittee on Human Resources, demanded in February that all community service jobs pay at least $9 per hour. The Congressional Hispanic Caucus, according to one of its staffers, favors money to pay the tuition of recipients who want a post-secondary education. "There is not a specific commitment [in the Clinton plan] to let people go on to the college they want," the staffer says. Such complaints irk reform advocates like Progressive Policy Institute President Will Marshall. "When we've conferred Ph.D.s on the last welfare recipient," he moans, "we can move to a work-based system."

ClintonSpeak. Borrowing from the president's campaign rhetoric, some paleos have taken to disguising old-style liberal proposals with faux-technical jargon that sounds moderate. Representative Lynn Woolsey of California defends her welfare policy, which closely apes the CHN program, by declaring, "We're underinvesting, and if we invest more, we'll have to invest less in the long run." Translation: we need to spend much more money. After interviewing participants in the six-year-old Job Opportunities and Basic Skills program, CHN Executive Director Jennifer Vasiloff obliquely reports that "recipients thought the focus on investing in human capital was the right approach." Translation: some people on welfare would rather enter job training programs than work in dull mandatory jobs.

Demonize. Another tactic of the left is to suggest that the economic analysis motivating moderate and conservative backers of reform masks a more sinister motive. "The debate is being dominated by a set of myths . . . like 'welfare queens,' " Vasiloff says. The family cap, a rule forbidding increases in welfare benefits to parents who have children while receiving government assistance, provokes particularly strong resistance. Moderates argue simply that if benefits rise with family size, some parents on the margin may decide to have more children, but Woolsey sees a darker imputation of greed. "Truly this additional child to gain more money isn't an issue," she insists. In fighting off time limits and family caps, Martha Davis of the National Organization for Women Legal Defense Fund says, "It is crucial to expose the racism and the sexism" of reformers.

Kvetch, kvetch. When all else fails, some paleos dig in their heels and simply complain that reform proposals should be perfect or be niggled at indefinitely. Not everyone is as reasonable as Mark Greenberg, an attorney for the Center for Law and Social Policy, who concedes, "It's possible to write a $5 billion bill that makes the situation better." He suggests an expansion of the Job Opportunities and Basic Skills program, a larger earned-income tax credit or new rules that don't treat single-parent families more leniently than two-parent ones—rather than an overhaul of the system. More typical of the kvetch-kvetch approach is Cliff Johnson, director of programs and policy at the Children's Defense Fund. "The budget realities have made it plausible to advance only relatively harsh proposals," Johnson complains. He says that his group supports "important steps" toward reform, but is unwilling to say which parts of the CDF's agenda are most important and which parts he would jettison first.

Pray. A last resort for the most optimistic paleoliberals is to hope that Clinton will return to the fold. "He's a Democratic president," Massachusetts Representative Barney Frank says. "I don't think [he'll] sign a bill . . . unless there are alternatives" to cutting people off entirely. Woolsey thinks that money, not ideology, separates her plan from the administration's. "We're pretty close, so if there are areas where we differ, it's more toward my seeing spending as necessary." Liberals aren't DOA in the welfare debate, Woolsey says. "We're not going to go away. No, no, gosh, no! [We get] stronger and stronger every day."

DANTE RAMOS

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another reform being considered by the administration would, at a cost of $1.7 billion, allow welfare recipients who work part-time to keep more of their earnings while still receiving benefits. Once again, that sounds like a worthy reform, increasing the incentive for people now on welfare to work part-time. But it might also encourage people who are now working *full*-time to work part-time, making up some of the difference by going on welfare.

Stop-the-clock loopholes. How can the Clinton plan impose a two-year limit on all recipients under 26—about one-third of the caseload—and still only require 170,000 people to work in the year 1999? In part because the plan won't be in place until 1997. And in part because, thanks to various loopholes built into the proposal, many, perhaps most, recipients won't actually be limited to two years of welfare.

Take single mothers with young children. The plan excuses them from work or training requirements for the first year of their child's life, unless the child was conceived while the mother was already on welfare (in which case the exemption is only for twelve weeks). Sounds fair enough. But the exemption doesn't only relieve these mothers from having to work or train for that first year. *It also stops the two-year clock from ticking.* So the 18-year-old unmarried girl who gets pregnant won't be entitled to two years of welfare before the work requirement kicks in. She'll be entitled to at least *three* years (her child's first year and then two more). She'll get even more extra time if she can convince her welfare caseworker that, even though she is not disabled, she has what the draft task force report calls "other serious barriers to work." ("There ... are persons who have great difficulty coping with the day-to-day challenges of parenting and survival....") In short, she has an incentive to seem as screwed up as she can as soon as she enters the welfare office. As long as those "serious barriers" remain, she can stay exempt her whole life.

True, as Reed notes, the plan would limit these various exemptions to 25 percent of the caseload. But the caseload is dynamic; millions of recipients could be part of that 25 percent at some point in their welfare careers. At least one-third of all recipients would be able to claim the infant exemption alone, according to one rough administration estimate. The way to put more than 170,000 welfare mothers to work before the century ends is to tighten up on the exemptions. At the very least, having an infant or a "serious barrier to work" shouldn't completely stop the two-year clock.

The foster-care lacuna. "What happens if a woman is not disabled and has a 3-year-old kid who is not disabled, but she does not show up to work," asks Democratic Representative Robert Matsui in an interview reported in *The Los Angeles Times.* "Do we take the child away from her and let her wander the streets? They have not answered this." Matsui is emerging as a major paleoliberal opponent of the Reed-Ellwood-Bane plan—but he has a point. Any two-year limit worth imposing will cause *some* recalcitrant welfare mothers to lose their benefits, and some of those mothers, and their children, will wind up on the street. A place must be prepared for them—and not in the nightmarish foster care system. Incredibly, the Clinton task force appears not to have addressed this question because that would mean admitting in public that the time limit might produce homelessness. A less irresponsible approach might start with the reform bill introduced by Senator Joe Lieberman, which would give states money to establish new kinds of "residential schools for children."

All these flaws are fixable, and that may be the central virtue of the Reed-Ellwood-Bane plan. It is a sturdy vehicle for compromise. In the House, 160 Republicans have introduced a two-years-and-out plan that isn't really all that different from Clinton's scheme. Moderate Democrats are preparing their own plan, which also won't be all that different. Thanks to Clinton's budget mistake, a fight looms over financing—the Republicans (and moderate Democrats) will propose ending benefits for both legal and illegal immigrants. But, unlike health care reform, welfare reform isn't paralyzingly complex. The outlines of a reasonable deal are already visible: start with Clinton's proposal; dump the two-parent expansion; spend more money to require more recipients to work sooner; create some alternatives to foster care (i.e., orphanages); give states lots of flexibility to try variations of the basic plan. Clinton might even make a bow to House Republicans who would allow states to deny AFDC benefits to unmarried mothers under age 18. Most Republicans would be unable to vote against such a bill. Enough moderate Democrats would go along to ensure easy passage this year.

The only group left out would be the paleoliberals. That troubles Matsui, who more or less admits that such a plan would pass if it got to the House floor for a vote (but who, as a member of the Ways and Means Committee, can do a lot to prevent such a vote). A center-right coalition was fine when it came to passing NAFTA, Matsui says. But welfare, he argues, is somehow different. "People feel that health care and welfare are Democratic issues," he told me. A welfare bill that passes with Republican votes "breaks the natural rhythm." It means the "Democratic constituency gets very unhappy" that "the Republicans have stolen the issue." Better to pass a welfare reform pleasing to the Democrats' left wing, or else delay it until 1995.

Huh? If Clinton proposes a welfare plan this year, and it passes, it means that *he* has stolen the issue from the Republicans. This is the prospect that keeps Newt Gingrich up at night. Matsui's objection seems incomprehensible, unless he is saying that Democratic congressional candidates are so dependent on funding from "Democratic constituencies" (read: unions) that if they tick those constituencies off they will lose ground in the 1994 midterm elections—even if their party is popular with voters. But this would amount to an admission that, on one of the central promises of the Clinton presidency, the Democrats have been bought. Sounds too much like welfare reform as we know it. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

The Gould Standard

On the title page of the *Goldberg Variations* Bach said that they were "Composed for Music Lovers, To Refresh Their Spirits." The French-Canadian writer-director François Girard used the *Goldberg Variations* as a (very general) guide to his film about Glenn Gould, and Girard, in his own measure, refreshes us.

He felt, he says, that any conventional narrative approach to Gould's peculiar life and prismatic personality would be inadequate. Gould was celebrated for his playing of the *Variations*. For Girard and his script collaborator, Don McKellar, it followed logically that a Goldbergian approach would be best. Thus **Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould** (Samuel Goldwyn).

Girard's variations go two pieces past Bach's thirty, and, though they all have the same basic theme—Gould—they have nothing like the complex relationship with one another that Bach's pieces have. Still, the mosaic approach is quickly engaging and increasingly winning, especially since no promise is made, or kept, that the mosaic will add up to a complete picture.

Under Girard's hand we get teasing yet satisfactory glimpses—vivid, funny, cranky, passionate, eremitic, humane—of an artist who viewed his exceptional talent as a means to explore the relation between talent and the world. Gould says, in one episode, that he dislikes the artist-audience relation. One reason that he gave up concertizing was that, with the aid of technology, he could play for himself; those who wanted to do so could listen later, through records and tapes. Gould was almost as interested in destroying the "heaven-storming" public pianist, the virtuoso who, like Liszt, could make women faint at his recitals, as he was in exploring masterworks.

Girard, who has made two previous features and a number of videos about art, is more interested in vis-à-vis connection than Gould was, yet his film manages to breathe some of its subject's ascetic air. First, the quintessential: he found an actor whom we could believe as Gould. Colm Feore, born in Boston of an Irish family, was trained at the National Theater School of Canada, has done much T.V. and some films but has been busiest at the Stratford, Ontario Shakespeare Festival. There he has ranged from Dionysus in *The Bacchae* through the Prince in *Hamlet* to John Worthing in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. He has a craggy face and a musical voice. He doesn't greatly resemble Gould physically, but he captures much of what we are told was the inner man: Feore is an actor with confidence in quiet. Before the film is very far along he persuades us that the quandaries and quiddities and aspirations of Gould are being realized before us.

The opening—one long take without a cut—establishes the ascetic risk of Girard's directing, along with its complimentary confidence in our collaborating. An immense Arctic vista. Ice forever like a frozen Sahara. Far on the horizon a figure walks toward us. All that happens in this first segment is that he keeps walking toward us while we hear Gould playing Bach. At last he comes close and stops, a man in hat and overcoat and galoshes, obviously not lost, glad to be where he is. The title of this episode (all of them have titles) is "Aria."

Every sequence except one has Gould's piano under it. The exception is the very next sequence, "Lake Simcoe," which is accompanied by Toscanini's overwhelming performance of the *Tristan* prelude. The episode is about the boy Glenn and his parents at their house on a Canadian lake. The use of *Tristan* seems strange, particularly in the scene with the boy and his mother—is something Oedipal being suggested?—until we see the boy absorbed by a radio broadcast of the prelude. (The soundtrack adjusts to the relatively tinny quality of the radio when we see it.) This, the only music in the film not played by Gould, is one clue as to what made him a musician.

The following thirty episodes are indeed variations. Some are brief statements about Gould: by Yehudi Menuhin, a French violinist named Bruno Monsaingeon, a friend called Margaret Pacs and a cousin, Jessie Greig, with whom he used to have long phone conversations. (Gould was a telephone junkie.) One segment, "Forty-Five Seconds and a Chair," is just that: Gould sits in a chair and listens to a recording of his. Another, "L.A. Concert," shows Gould signing a stagehand's program just before he steps on stage. Then the stagehand sees what Gould has written: "This is my final concert." After that L.A. concert—in 1964—he only made recordings until he

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Four Weddings and a Funeral. *Hugh Grant tap-dances brightly through this British comedy. (The title describes the subject.) Andie MacDowell is O.K. as the American girl he pines for; the rest of the cast is better. (Reviewed 4/4/94)* **Germinale.** *From Zola. Claude Berri strikingly re-creates French miners' lives in the last century. The principal actors are weak, but that texture is remarkable. (3/21/94)* **The Paper.** *A new "old" picture—a fast-forward, helter-skelter, heart-of-gold newspaper circus. Michael Keaton, as an editor, and Ron Howard, the director, are better than ever—and high time, too. (4/18/94)* **Schindler's List.** *Monumental. Steven Spielberg's stark retelling of an incredible true story: the Nazi businessman who saved 1,200 Jewish lives. (12/13/93 and 1/24/94)* **—SK**

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died, at 50, in 1982.

"Truck Stop" shows Gould going to a roadside diner where they know him and know what he wants. Until his scrambled eggs arrive and he douses them with ketchup, he listens—*listens*—to all the conversations going on around him. Another episode sets a fragment from the work of the noted Canadian animator, Norman McLaren, to a fugue from *The Well-Tempered Clavier*. Another segment sets close-ups of the assorted pills that Gould takes against a passage from Hindemith. The episodes swing from bustle to isolation, from eccentric aloofness to a mundaneness so intense that it, too, is eccentric. (There is, by the way, no hint of any kind of sex life.)

Near the end we see a close-up of the liftoff of a space missile in the United States, and we're told that *Voyager*s 1 and 2, launched in 1987 and 1989, contained messages of mixed sorts that might connect with beings in outer space. One of those messages is a brief Bach piece played by Gould. No word has come back yet. Stay tuned.

Girard's highly selective yet empathic technique has reminders of the late Derek Jarman's *Wittgenstein*—a coincidence, merely. Alain Dostie's camerawork, too, combines reticence with pleasure. At the end the film reiterates Gould's love of the north, and Dostie's camera dramatizes Gould's ideal of isolation. Chiefly, however, it is Girard's form and his relish of it that consummate the film. Following along considerably below Bach but mindful of him, Girard has composed variations that refresh the spirit.

Progress Report. On March 21 an inside page of *The New York Times* business section carried a story about a potentially momentous change in the film world. Pacific Bell and Alcatel Network Systems are discussing a test of a new method of film distribution that will eliminate films. This method, if it works, would carry films by coaxial cable from the originating studio, in Hollywood or elsewhere, directly to the screen of your local theater—in full-size, of course.

This plan would eliminate the making of thousands of prints (though presumably there would be archival prints or tapes); and would eliminate the mechanics of distribution. Of course a large industrial shift is implied—for people working in distribution companies, for projectionists and others; but all large technological advances entail labor shifts.

The plan may not immediately crystallize or this particular attempt may not succeed, but the idea is now in the air. One Pacific Bell executive commented on whether the change would be noticeable to the viewer: "Consumers will notice the difference because they'll see a first-generation-quality movie every time they visit their local theater." Anyone who has paid, late in a film's run, to see a shabby print of it, any film teacher who has suffered with worn 16 mm. prints or faded video tapes, will appreciate that remark. •

The hype and the hypocrisy of the art market.

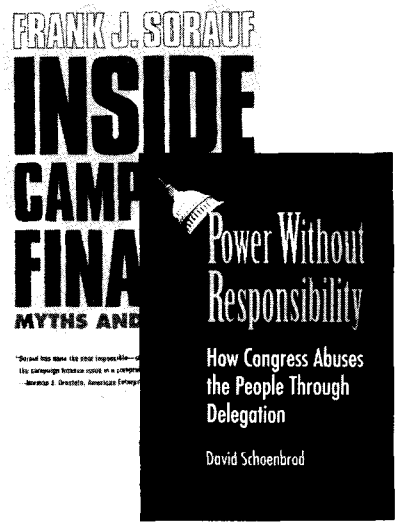
Paint by Numbers

By Michael Lewis

I.

The first thing you noticed when you walked into Wildenstein & Co. on Madison Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street was the gallery's seeming lack of interest in potential customers. The building contained the world's largest collection of vendable art, and except for the musky, lemony reek of Vetiver cologne (the family scent, long since seeped into the walls), the only sign of life was the man in the dark suit who hovered threateningly at a distance. He shadowed you as you echoed your way across the marble floors, past the portraits of unfriendly French aristocrats, and into the back room, where a few of Wildenstein's least desirable paintings were hung, to preserve its tax-advantaged status as a public exhibition.

The year I worked in the gallery, in 1982, the public almost never turned up. The last of the great nineteenth-century French dealers resembled a moribund business, or a front for a thriving drug operation. So scarce were Wildenstein's customers that the salesmen in their fifth-floor offices could fairly assume that whoever wandered in off the street was either lost or looking



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for a bathroom. What customers they had fell broadly into three classes: people who had made more than about $100 million (rare); people who had inherited or married more than $100 million (less rare); and museum curators who earned about $95,000 per year but were authorized to spend millions of other people's money (less rare still). There weren't many of these sorts of people, and they hardly ever arrived unannounced.

At the time, the gallery owned about 3,000 works of art, with a book value of about $3 billion. Even then the book value—there actually was a black loose-leaf binder filled with prices—probably understated the market value. Six billion dollars is not a bad guess of the value of the same stock today: dozens of Courbets, Manets, Monets, Cézannes, Van Goghs and Gaugins hoarded for a century; more than 100 Picassos purchased directly from the artist; major works by Rembrandt, Hals and the Dutch landscape painters; 200 or so Italian Renaissance pictures; several hundred pictures by the better French knickers-and-garter painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—including sixty-nine Fragonards; and countless assorted goodies from the interstices of art history.

The gallery's vaults made a mockery of the art history taught in school. Dozens of the objects were simply unknown to scholars, and might, if made available, have altered somewhat the academic notion of the past. But that was unlikely to happen soon. Daniel Wildenstein, the head of the family and the grandson of the founder, had been schooled in secrecy. He balkanized his affairs and exposed different parts to different people, none of whom were encouraged to get along. Even his two sons were rivals. Separate staffs administered the galleries in New York, London and Tokyo, the hollowed-out mountain in upstate New York, the well-larded Wildenstein house in Paris, the Wildenstein island in the Caribbean and the Wildenstein estate in Kenya. The New York gallery alone was a *mille-feuille* of partial disclosure. The three salesmen and the two stockboys (I was one of them) were allowed into the vaults on the third floor, but only the salesmen were allowed into the converted firehouse in Upper Manhattan filled with sculpture, or into the room on the fourth floor—holding, I discovered during one lunch hour, a bust by Houdon. There were thousands of files on the pictures into which the librarians had access but the stockboys were forbidden. There were thousands of files more on customers into which the stockboys had access but the librarians were forbidden.

What was good for the owner's peace of mind, moreover, was bad for the social historian. More vividly even than the walls of American museums, the gallery's records documented the Old World culture cattle drive that followed the turn of the century discovery of Great Art by the newly rich American upper class. The file cabinets held notecards on nearly every very rich or powerful person, from Henry Frick to Sylvester Stallone, to whom it had occurred on his social ascent to take along a few pictures. I used to spend hours just flipping around in it. There was a card, for example, marked Kennedy-Onassis. It listed the fifteen pictures shown to President and Mrs. Jack Kennedy at the Carlyle

From Manet to Manhattan: The Rise of the Modern Art Market
by Peter Watson
(Random House, 558 pp., $35)

Wealth and the Demand for Art in Italy 1300-1600
by Richard A. Goldthwaite
(Johns Hopkins University Press, 266 pp., $29.95)

The Author, Art and the Market: Rereading the History of Aesthetics
by Martha Woodmansee
(Columbia University Press, 200 pp., $29.50)

Hotel on May 22, 1962, earmarking those that had caught their fancy. It explained that on November 4, 1963, Mrs. Kennedy had come into the gallery for a second look with the financier Andre Meyer, and that together they had selected for the White House a modest drawing by Constantine Guys, called *On Parade*. Mrs. Kennedy had agreed to pay $4,000, then changed her mind. The file concludes simply: "Sale Cancelled. President Killed Dallas Nov 22. 63. On parade."

What chiefly distinguished Wildenstein from an ordinary business was not its secrecy, but its reticence. The gallery didn't seem especially to want to sell. A lot of drawings and lesser paintings fell within the price range of the average millionaire, but the average millionaire was never informed of their existence. Inspecting the merchandise was the privilege of the few rather than the right of the market. And each time a potential buyer made an offer on a picture the salesman was required to telephone Daniel, who would then decide whether to remove the object from the market. Even the salesmen, who worked with the incentive of commissions, didn't make that much of an effort, perhaps because they sensed that it displeased the owners to push the merchandise.

From the top of the gallery to the bottom the conceit was shared that this wasn't so much a business as an odd sort of museum from which every so often something was released. To remind the outside world that Wildenstein was engaged in trade, I soon discovered, was about the quickest way to get into trouble. On an application for a credit card I once listed my occupation as "stockboy." The credit card company phoned the gallery to confirm the claim. The senior bookkeeper called me into her office. She explained that Wildenstein did not employ stockboys. (No bookkeepers either. The woman had some other title.) "Then what am I?" I asked. She was stumped. "A nerve center controller," she finally said.

II.

I opened Peter Watson's *From Manet to Manhattan*, which he bills in his preface as "the first integrated account of the development of the modern art market," looking for some answers. How did any market develop anti-market prejudices? Why was it an insult to describe a painter as "commercial" when the world's most commercial painters were Van Gogh, Picasso and Rembrandt? Why did people clap at Sotheby's after a tycoon paid some huge sum for a work of art? Had the tycoon done something admirable? And if it was admirable to pay a great deal for art, then why wasn't it also admirable to engage in the hard selling practices that would lead other to pay a great deal for art? Why didn't art dealers show more enthusiasm for a deal?

These are not the sorts of question that interest Watson, who seems fairly content with the market as he finds it. You can almost see him clapping right along with the crowd, as he describes the Christie's sale in 1990 of Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* to a Japanese businessman for $82.5 million. His book is a straightforward description of events without a great deal of explanation or critical interpretation, less a market history than an organized collection of prices, gossip and anecdotes: who bought what from whom, who said what clever thing at whose dinner party to whom, who loathed whom, who loved whom, who screwed whom. Probably its living subjects will find it entertaining and flattering. By the end of a fat book, however, the reader does not really understand much more about

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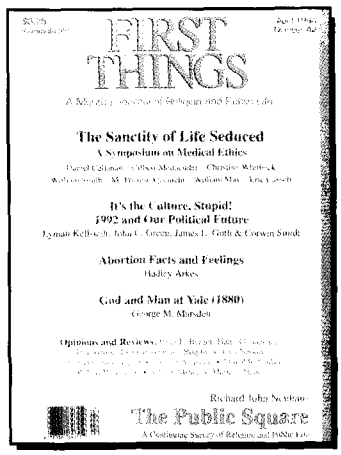
the art market than he did at the beginning.

Watson's book covers roughly the last 100 years, with flashbacks to the founding of the auction houses Christie's (1766) and Sotheby's (1744). "The modern art market, as we now know it," Watson writes at the outset, "dates from the early to mid-1880s, when a number of events took place more or less simultaneously in several different countries." He then breaks the subsequent century down into three periods: 1882-1929, the years of Impressionism and of the boom in America's demand for great European art; 1930-1956, years of drought and the Westward expansion of the British auction houses; and 1957 to the present, years of plenty and the emergence of New York as the center of the art world.

This basic shell, which strikes me as a bit arbitrary, tends to exaggerate the importance of individuals and institutions and to understate larger social forces. (The temptation to do this is especially keen in the art market, where the players are colorful and prestigious. Anecdotes, celebrity gossip and the prices of prestigious art make good copy.) Most of the supposedly seminal events of the 1880s—the birth of Picasso, the arrival of Van Gogh in Paris, an award bestowed on Manet by the French government—had no effect whatsoever on the fundamental attitudes and structure of the market, however central they may have been to the fortunes of individual dealers or schools of artists.

The creation in 1883 of the first American auction house with snob appeal, called the American Art Association, was important, in a narrow sense; three years later the AAA, which was created "for the Encouragement and Promotion of American art," introduced New York to French Impressionism. Still, it is difficult to imagine that the market would have played itself out differently had the AAA never existed. The single event that shaped the trade in portable art objects in this century was that Americans suddenly became very rich. Once their fortunes began to grow, someone was bound to feed them art. That rich people should collect art was, by the 1880s, a widely held assumption, one of many assumptions in the art market that Watson does not pause to examine.

The most curious of these assumptions, implicitly endorsed by Watson, is that there is a kind of moral authority in being physically associated with Great Art. And from this hazy idea a pair of self-aggrandizing *myths* have sprung. The first is the myth of the Great Art Collector. The art market likes to believe



It's the Culture, Stupid!
1992 and Our Political Future

By Lyman A. Kellstedt, John C. Green, James L. Guth & Corwin E. Smidt

"Most accounts of the 1992 election hinge on the economy. Bush lost, it is said, because the economy was sick and Republicans did not offer a plausible cure. As the sign in Clinton's campaign headquarters read: 'It's the economy, stupid!' This interpretation of the election fits nicely with the conventional view of American politics, held by academics and journalists alike, that party coalitions and electoral outcomes are rooted in economic self-interest.... This conventional wisdom is not so much wrong as wrongly stated. While economic conditions clearly influence the vote, and often dramatically, the effects of such conditions are channeled through the cultural bedrock of the American party system. Most pundits and scholars do not realize that the basic 'building blocs' of American party coalitions have always been cultural groups, whether in 1852, 1892, 1932, or 1992. And religious traditions, comprised of denominations and churches with shared values and worldviews, have always been among the most important of these. Year in and year out, the reaction to parties, candidates, and issues on the part of Evangelical, Mainline, and Black Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and Seculars is critical to understanding elections. The conventional wisdom, then, has it backwards: cultural affinities constitute the long-term basis of electoral alignments, introducing fundamental values into politics and structuring the debate over them, while economic forces generate temporary disruptions of these culturally defined alignments...."

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from the April issue of

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that buying works of art is unlike buying other things. Or, as Watson puts it, "the difference between the collector and the shopper—and there is one—is a crucial distinction." And though he satisfactorily explains neither this distinction nor the way in which the mere act of buying art touches ordinary men with a kind of greatness, he clearly admires great collectors of art, such as Morgan and Frick, and exempts them and their motives from scrutiny.

The second myth of the art market is the myth of the Great Art Dealer. We admire the Great Art Dealer because unlike, say, a jewelry salesman, he soars beyond commerce. On this point, actually, Watson preserves some ambiguity. "Let us begin as we mean to go on," he writes in the hardboiled Sensible Englishman voice of his preface, which turns out to have nothing in common with the subsequent book. "A 'gallery,' as in 'art gallery,' is not a retreat for learning, where man's nobler aspirations are aired. A gallery is a shop." But we don't hear a lot more about shops after this. "Truly great secondary dealers (Wildenstein, Seligman, Gimpel, Carrit, Thaw, trading in the works of dead artists)," Watson writes later, in full-bore mythmaking mode,

> must be connoisseurs who know what to buy . . . the dealer is truly as much a scholar as a merchant, and therefore the acquisition of art, on the part of collectors, from such dealers is as much a learning experience as it is a purchase. That is the difference between collecting and shopping.

There's a lot more of this sort of thing. Of a leading primary dealer, for example, Watson writes admiringly that "[Andre] Emmerich is as much a scholar as a merchant and has written several books on Pre-Columbian art. He will never push a work. Pushing a painting, for him, means '[it's] not art; it's merchandise.' "

The most obvious problem with the mystical view of the nexus where the art buyer meets the art seller, and both are ennobled, is that it bears no relation to what you see and hear in the places where art is sold. After delivering a canvas onto the velvet upholstery of a viewing easel, Wildenstein's stockboys often lingered outside the salesroom to eavesdrop on the exchange between the dealer and the collector. Probably these were somewhat more elevated than the art world norm; this was Wildenstein, after all. About four-fifths of what was said, however, was on the level of "That green will clash with the sofa" and "So who is more famous, Monet or Gauguin?" When the salesmen pitched Renoir they said, "I like him because he doesn't require too much concentration"; when they sold Boudin they said, "We say here that Boudin is the Monet of the skies" (we didn't); when they sold anything painted before about 1860 they stared at the provenance and said, "Hmmm, let's see." Occasionally they told stories about a picture, of the famous people who had owned it and the famous museums that had displayed it. Their message was rarely: buy this and you will enjoy looking at it. It was: buy this and you will join the class of superior people who buy it.

None of this was venal. Wildenstein was not a venal place, though there was evidence in the files of a distant past when dubious pictures had walked out of the gallery under assumed names.

LE COMMISSAIRE-PRISEUR BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1863)

But the art market, contrary to Watson's assertion, *is* venal. The colorful evidence of Watson's book illustrates that you are far more likely to be deceived by an art salesman than by a shoe salesman. What distinguishes the art market is what distinguishes the market for second-hand cars: the seller usually has far more information than the buyer, and with it the opportunity to defraud. (A penchant for secrecy helps to preserve this opportunity.)

In a market rife with uncertainty, of course, the seller may adopt different strategies. He may develop a sound reputation for which, because of the high risk of fraud in the market, he will be paid. (The reason that art dealers are quick to suggest that their competitors are a little shifty is that it plays to the buyer's greatest fear.) Or he may take full advantage of his customers, as did Joseph Duveen, the great liar and crook, and perhaps the most successful art dealer ever.

III.

About five years ago an economist named William Grampp wrote an excellent book, called *Pricing the Priceless*, in which he documented the absurdities and inefficiencies that followed from the art market's anti-market pretensions. The reason museums keep most of their capital stock locked up in the basement and continue to acquire what they haven't room to hang, for example, is that they treat it as if it were free—or priceless. Grampp's purpose, largely realized, was to suggest that the art market could be subjected to conventional economic analysis. To do this he first demonstrated that historically prices and aesthetic value measured by critical judgment, have been closely related. The great artist neglected in his own time is largely an unhappy fiction: most artists smiled upon by history received their due in their day. Indeed, the artist who is more highly valued alive than dead is far more common than the neglected genius.

Grampp then proposed that art objects, like other commodities, were

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ubject to diminishing marginal utility: he more you have of one kind of art the ess you want to pay for more of it. The roduction of another dozen Schnabel late paintings will, holding all else qual, reduce their price. That is why the narket demands different kinds of art. Grampp likened artistic innovation—rom Proto-Pop to Pop to Op—to product differentiation. It made sense, by his ogic, that styles in painting changed nore rapidly in twentieth-century Amerca than in, say, twelfth-century France. The demand for art increases with ncome, and the brisker the demand for rt, the more rapid the change in styles. What is more, said the economist, in a ociety such as ours, in which income as dramatically outpaced investment in aste, one would expect art to appeal to minds equipped chiefly to appreciate novelty—it's flat! it's abstract! it's new!—ather than complexity.

Grampp's book rudely juxtaposed the narket values of successful artists with he anti-market pretensions of their lealers, customers and critics. Chief mong these was the hostile attitude oward the idea that the prices of art ield any meaning. Grampp quoted a letter from an Englishman to the London *Times*, denouncing "philistine businessnen and wretched art journalists," who had compiled the *Times*'s index of art prices. The Englishman had suggested hat the culprits should be "stoned to leath with fake Etruscan bronzes." The critic Hilton Kramer harbored a similar hostility; he wrote in *Art Review* in 1987 hat "the enormously high prices that works of art now bring ... bear absolutely no relation to the quality of the object, but then prices rarely do." To hese sentiments Grampp compared he views of successful artists, who often ave had a great deal of faith in the market. Thus Renoir once said, "get this nto your head, no one really knows anything about it. There's only one indication for telling the value of paintings, nd that is the sale room." The Englishman had a certain charm. But who anted to side with Hilton Kramer? gainst Renoir?

IV.

One reason that art market books such as Watson's remain blind to the market's conceits is that they on't dig back far enough to be able to e them for what they are. They lack he requisite historical ambition. The ain ideas that have shaped the modn art market—that rich people should uy art, that we should view buying and lling art differently from buying or lling anything else—were born well before 1882. Just how long before is the subject of two scholarly works, which, directly or indirectly, demythologize art: Richard Goldthwaite's *Wealth and the Demand for Art in Italy 1300-1600*, and Martha Woodmansee's *The Author, Art and the Market*.

"Why did Italy produce so much art in the Renaissance?" is Goldthwaite's leading question. The hoary answer to it, which can be traced to the nineteenth-century Swiss cultural historian Jakob Burckhardt, is that the art boom of the Italian Renaissance represents a spontaneous and ultimately inexplicable flowering of the human spirit. It was the premise of idealist or post-Hegelian art criticism that art should, and could, be disembodied from its material context; art was the one subject Burckhardt did not include in his 1860 survey of Renaissance civilization. (His anti-materialist spirit survives in some of today's art history departments, which stress connoisseurship and attribution over context and a larger historical canvas. The student receives a high grade if he can tell a Lorenzetti from a Veneziano; but if he wishes to know anything about *why* this or that particular picture was created, he must moonlight in economics or literature or history.)

Renaissance studies have since become something of a flash point in the war against the idea of materially disembodied art. Renaissance Florence was a city financially obsessed. The distinct impression left by the thousands of personal account books is of an entire city perpetually toting up its net worth. Florence was also, perhaps, the greatest art-producing culture ever. Rapid innovation in painting, sculpture and architecture spawned the invention of whole new art forms: painted and transparent smalto, niello, wood intarsia, maiolica, stained glass. (Consumer markets outside the fine arts, a concept that did not yet exist, kept pace. The list of the different styles of chairs in a 1663 inventory of the Strozzi palace reads like the menu of a fine restaurant—seggiole alla genovese, seggiolle con fondo, seggiolo con cuscine....)

A small but growing stack of scholarship, to which Goldthwaite regularly contributes, has shown just how thoroughly dependent the art boom was on the money-grubbing. "To [Burckhardt's] formulation about the Italians' discovery of antiquity, nature, man and the individual," he writes,

> is here added their discovery of things.... The venture of Italians into the world of goods may be said to have inaugurated modern times, for the new attitude about goods that arose in Italy marked the first

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stirring of what today is called consumerism.... People entered a realm where possessions became an objectification of self for the first time.

A large part of *Wealth and the Demand for Art* is given over to a description of the social forces that distinguished Italy from the rest of Europe: a booming monetized economy based on trade and finance; a permeable social structure based on wealth in which there were always newly rich men anxious to establish their credentials; and a distribution of wealth far more even than that of medieval northern Europe, or modern northern America, for that matter. In northern Europe, wealth was based on class. In Renaissance Italy, class was based on wealth; and so the display of wealth became tantamount to a display of class. (It wasn't in vain that Cosimo de Medici plastered the family's balls of stone all over his buildings.) The economic boom, together with the drift of the Italian population to the city, triggered the new demand for art objects. The old, invidious tricks of the traditional rural elite—land and military pageantry—were impractical in the city. New invidious tricks needed to be cooked up. Keeping up with the Joneses became a more pressing concern once the Joneses lived next door.

The Florentine moral climate fairly rapidly accommodated the needs of the newly rich. The religious objections to luxury were overcome, in principle by a barrage of intellectual treatises and in practice by the piecemeal sale of churches. Theorists such as Alberti and Pontano legitimized possessiveness in a way that was without precedent in medieval moral thought. "It was the spending of money, not the getting of it," writes Goldthwaite, "that preoccupied these Italian thinkers; and where they broke with tradition was in their consideration of consumption as a purely secular activity and in their effort to endow it with a moral quality." A measure of their success is the memoir of the quattrocento merchant banker Giovanni Rucellai, whose palace, speckled with his personal insignia of a diamond ring, is now a tourist attraction. "It's generally said," Rucellai wrote,

> and I agree with it, that earning and spending are among the greatest pleasures that men enjoy in this life and it's difficult to say which gives greater pleasure. I myself, who have done nothing for the past fifty years but earn and spend, as I describe above, have had the greatest pleasure and satisfaction from both, and I really think that it is even more pleasurable to spend than to earn.

A Trumpian sentiment! The tastes and the habits of Italian businessmen were, by the standards of the modern art market, relentlessly middlebrow. The finest artworks were made to order. The Duke of Ferarra paid by the square foot. The legendary merchant of Prado, Giovanni di Bardi, paid for time and materials. Anyone who was anyone bought a chapel and redecorated it in his own honor. By the early fifteenth century there were in Florentine churches 600 private chapels filled with frescoes, altarpieces and memorial tombs. "The spirit of religious consumerism," Goldthwaite calls this. New buildings, public and private, were inscribed to commemorate the patron rather than the architect. (Rucellai had his name cut into the facade of the church of Santa Maria Novella.) And the first art collections were formed, in what Goldthwaite describes as "the rationalization of possessiveness in an expanding world of goods."

The shamelessness of these progenitors of the modern patrons of the arts is somehow refreshing. They make no pretense of disinterested contemplation. Their interest in art was keenly interested. They were propelled into their artworks by the same forces that drove the world's first modern consumer culture. And so, Goldthwaite concludes impishly, "by enshrining these objects in museums we pay homage to the luxury consumption of the past and thereby reverently celebrate the passion for spending for things that keep the capitalist system of the West going."

V.

The unabashed collusion of art and the marketplace in Renaissance Florence makes the squeamishness of the modern art market about itself seem even more peculiar. The modern art market was born with modern capitalism; it is one of Goldthwaite's main points that the development of the art market was more or less an extension of the market for other consumer durables. How was one set of objects hived off from the other and placed in another willfully separate category? The Florentine art marketplace perceived the value of a painting and its aesthetic worth as closely related; the qualities desirable in a work of art—"magnificence" and "splendor"—connoted also expense. What happened between then and now to render art something like an antidote to price theory? What led William Blake to insist that "where any view of money exists art cannot be carried on"?

These questions are addressed, however incidentally, in Martha Woodmansee's riveting snapshot of the moment in Western intellectual history when art became Art. Her book disputes the controlling assumption of idealist aesthetics, that art is timeless and universal. Woodmansee set out "to understand how a cultural formation that evolved as recently as 'art' could have entrenched itself so thoroughly that we imagine it always to have existed."

The idealist ideal achieved its modern form in Germany at the end of the eighteenth century, she argues, in response to a democratic market for works of art. A German poet named Karl Philipp Moritz sat down, pen in hand, to rationalize his inability to sell and created a distinction between an object of mechanical art that served a purpose (such as a clock and a knife) and an object of Fine Art that, he explained, "does not have its purpose outside itself, and does not exist for the sake of perfection of anything else, but rather for the sake of its own internal perfection." In establishing art as a discrete realm of ultimate purpose, the German poet "was simply transferring an essential property of the Deity to the work of art." "In contemplating a beautiful object," wrote Moritz in an essay of 1785,

> I roll the purpose back into the object itself: I regard it as something that finds completion not in me but in itself and thus constitutes a whole in itself and gives me pleasure for its own sake.... Thus the beautiful object yields a higher and more disinterested pleasure than the merely useful object.

The world still had no idea that the art market was not to be trusted. Art that failed to attract a crowd was poor art. Obscurity was bad, fame was good. But Moritz issued this warning to artists:

> If the thought of approval is your main consideration, and if your work is of value to you only insofar as it brings you fame, then ... you are working in a self-interested manner; the focal point of the work will fall outside the work; you are not creating it for its own sake and hence will not bring forth anything whole or self-sufficient. You will be seeking a false glitter, which may dazzle the rabble momentarily, but will vanish like fog before the gaze of the wise.

Obscurity is good, fame is bad: this was the great Romantic inversion, which combined pure aestheticism with a religious reverence for the artist; and we have been living in its grip for 200 years.

As Woodmansee shows, however, the spiritualization of art was not exclusively a spiritual matter. If the new theory of art was one part displaced theology, it was also one part displaced ma

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ket anxiety. The idea of art grew directly from the economic self-interest of artists. The German poet at the end of the eighteenth century found himself in a new market of middle-class readers clamoring for literary entertainment. The masses were judging with their pocketbooks, and they didn't always buy what Moritz was selling. In addition to rationalizing popular failure, Woodmansee argues, the anti-materialist idea of art led to intellectual property rights. Before there could be copyright laws, there first had to be some notion of the artist as sole creator.

The worship of beauty, of course, is much older than the eighteenth century, as is the sacerdotal view of the artist. The certainty with which Woodmansee seizes upon Moritz may be a little exaggerated; and yet something did change in the eighteenth century. The new idealism about art was not only a philosophical or cultural conclusion, it was also a response to changes in the way that art was distributed and consumed. "The theology of art fashioned by Moritz," writes Woodmansee,

> offered such writers not only a convenient but a very powerful set of concepts with which to address the predicament in which they found themselves—concepts by which (difficult, or "fine") art's de facto loss of direct instrumentality could be recuperated as a (supreme) virtue.... Moritz makes a triumph of defeat and "rescues" art from determination by the market.

The shift away from the judgment of the market, and toward a spiritualization of art that was proudly hostile to market forces, was embodied in the writer and philosopher Friedrich Schiller. After his first popular success, the year before Moritz published his ideas, Schiller had written to a friend that "the public is now everything to me, my school, my sovereign, my trusted friend. I now belong to it alone. I shall place myself before his and no other tribunal. It alone I do fear and respect." Yet a decade later, after a series of market flops, in a letter addressed to his patron Schiller concluded that it was "impossible in the German world of letters to satisfy the strict demands of art and simultaneously procure the minimum support for one's industry."

For an intellectual pivot, Schiller seems to have used his review, in 1791, of a popular poet named Gottfried August Bürger. Poor Bürger! He had composed what might be described as a horror ballad, called *Lenore*, in which a girl leaps into the arms of the ghost of her dead lover only to have the ghost become a skeleton who drags her to her grave. It had plot. It had characters. It had suspense. (Herder complained that "when I read it, it took hold of me so, that that afternoon I saw naked skulls on all the church pews. The deuce of a man, to terrify people that way! Why and for what purpose? I wish someone else would sing in the same way about the devil fetching the poet.") But Bürger possessed the instincts of the crowd-pleaser. "When you read it for the first time to our friends in Gottingen," Bürger wrote to a friend, "borrow a skull from some medical student, place it next to a dim lamp, and then read. Their hair will stand on end as in Macbeth."

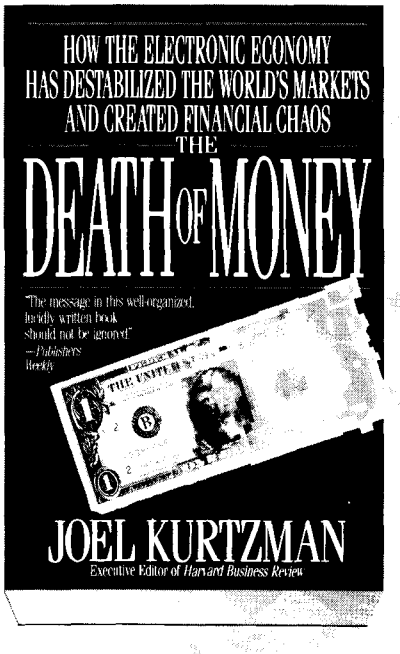
To the highbrow reviewer, looking to put away once and for all merely popular poetry, Bürger must have seemed like a shallow lob in center court. That the public loved Bürger was, for Schiller, a sign that he was an artistic failure. Bürger did not "deserve the name of poet," he wrote in a tone uncannily familiar to us, and then explained why. Schiller responded directly to the plea for popular poetry that Bürger made in his introduction. "Our world," Schiller wrote,

> is no longer Homer's world, where all members of society were at roughly *the same* stage with respect to sensibility and opinion and therefore could easily recognize themselves in the same descriptions and encounter themselves in the same feelings. There is now a great gulf between the *elect* of a nation and the *masses*.

"Economic fame" was Schiller's sneering term for Bürger's market success. Later, in his influential *On the Aesthetic Education of Man, in a Series of Letters*, which was published in 1795, Schiller attacked the verdicts of the art market more directly. "Weighed in this crude balance," he wrote of the market, "the insubstantial merits of art scarce tip the scale, and, bereft of all encouragement, she shuns the noisy marketplace of our century."

It is Woodmansee's view, which I am fully unequipped to evaluate, that Schiller's review of Bürger "represents a turning point not only in the fortunes of Bürger's poetry, but also in Schiller's own thought and in the cultural politics of Germany." "Art was invented," she concludes, "to stem the commercialization of literature—which, not incidentally, was preventing Schiller's own writing from selling." And in her final chapter she tracks the introduction into England of the main ideas found in Schiller by the Romantic poets. She could have gone further and followed their introduction into America (Berenson was an important carrier of the conceit) and their various manifestations in

WHO ZAPPED HARD CASH?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the modern art market. The Romantic notion of art lives, for example, in the pronouncement by Clement Greenberg that "all profoundly original work looks ugly at first."

The religion of art has been appropriated from artists by collectors and dealers. How and when I do not know; but at some point the idealist and the consumer began to walk hand in hand. The idea that works of art confer nobility upon those who trade them is simply an extension of the notion that works of art are a repository of terminal values. And the comical pretensions of the art market are simply a response to the idealists' prejudice that things done for their own sake are more noble or "fine" than things done for a concrete purpose (say, money or prestige).

VI.

The common complaint of the more fastidious art critics in the 1980s was that making and selling art had become more like other businesses. (Robert Hughes compared it to the fashion industry.) There was a dizzying moment in the '80s when the art market was booming alongside the markets for other luxury goods, and it clearly paid to push new merchandise. This was nicely demonstrated by the crockery smasher Julian Schnabel. Schnabel and his dealers courted publicity: photo spreads in fashion magazines, countless newspaper interviews, a memoir ejaculated at the premature age of 34, a stunt-auction of one of his early paintings at Sotheby's. Obscurity was bad; fame was good. Schnabel himself traded in his first dealer, Mary Boone, for a combination of Boone and Leo Castelli and then the pair for the Pace Gallery, where his most recent show now hangs. And while the initial critical response to his work was mixed ("Schnabel's work is to painting what Stallone's is to action," wrote Hughes), his prices rose inexorably from about $3,500 in 1981 to $35,000 in 1982 to $93,500 (at auction) in 1983 to mid six figures in 1987. The market had become like one of those Tokyo subway packers, jamming artists onto the train against the soft, fleshy resistance of the cognoscenti inside. And the cognoscenti caved! The *Times* gave Schnabel a good review. The Met bought a painting. The Whitney gave him a show.

But the really interesting thing was that, even in the commerce-drenched culture of the '80s, the art market preserved some of the old Romantic conceits. The artist, of course, tried to have it both ways at once. The result was a wonderful act of balancing the most artistically incorrect deeds with the most artistically correct utterances. Above all, the artist and his image-makers grasped that there was something fishy in an artist being too well-liked. In an interview with the *Times* as his prices climbed into low six figures, Schnabel said he saw his work "driving people crazy; they don't know what to make of it." In 1987, as his prices rose into mid six figures, he said that "I no longer expect people to understand me." His dealers understood him completely. "I guarantee you that when his show opens here it will be the biggest opening we've ever had," said his Los Angeles dealer, "and people will stand around saying, 'I hate this work.' " They may have hated it, but they bought it. (They may have bought it *because* they hated it.)

The downtown art world perfected the new game of pushing the merchandise as hard as merchandise can be pushed, while preserving a rhetorical distance from the mass market. Whatever else you care to say about this phenomenon, it reminded the market of what the market was. In the end, even the most reluctant uptown dealers were dragged into the most straightforward commercial situations. Last year Arne Glimcher, the owner of the Pace Gallery and art dealer to the stars, sold a 50 percent stake in the gallery—and thus in Julian Schnabel—for an undisclosed sum. The buyer was Daniel Wildenstein.

"How much do they cost?" I asked a representative of the Pace Gallery about Schnabel's most recent work. "I'm afraid I can't release that information," she said. "Do you have any for sale?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "Well, can you just give me some idea of their price range?" I asked. "I can't answer that sort of general question," she said. "Okay," I asked, "then what's the most that is being asked for one?" "I'm afraid I can't tell you that," she said. •

Voting Rites

BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN

The Tyranny of the Majority: Fundamental Fairness in Representative Democracy by Lani Guinier

(The Free Press, 324 pp., $24.95)

The distribution of political power is one of the most important issues facing any political system. And yet in our political system it is not at all easy to have a public discussion of voting rights, at least in the context of race. Sometimes it seems as if judgments about race are analogous to theological convictions. They are not movable. Many propositions in the debate are not really arguments or invitations to further discussion, but statements of identity: I am a principled person, the kind of person who thinks this; aren't you? The whole area is pervaded by accusations, mischaracterizations and strange dichotomies.

Consider, in this context, the idea that Lani Guinier is "the Quota Queen," a label from *The Wall Street Journal* that stuck. A recent computer search uncovered, astonishingly, no fewer than 327 separate articles repeating this phrase in discussions of Guinier, yet I have found no evidence that Guinier favors quotas. Or consider the influential editorial in this magazine last June opposing Guinier's nomination to become assistant attorney general for civil rights, because of her "published support for equal racial outcomes" and her "firm belief in the racial analysis of an irreducible, racial 'us' and 'them' in American society." Consider also Abigail Thernstrom's criticism of Guinier, in the same issue of this magazine, for having overlooked "an obvious solution to the set of problems racial gerrymandering creates: call the federal dogs off. Instead, according to Thernstrom, Guinier believes that "whites all think alike," which is frightening in a leader of the civil rights division, who will have power to attack "disciplinary measures in schools, ... classes for the academically gifted, 'Eurocentric' curricula, materials and competency tests" and will also have the authority "to insist on employment and promotion quotas when too few blacks—by the standard of proportionality—have been hired." Thernstrom continues: "She will be free to initiate suits to modify sentencing practices—labeled as 'discriminatory'—that send a disproportionately high number of black men to jail."

It is conceivable, I suppose, that Guinier would have attacked "Eurocen-

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ric" curricular materials, insisted on acial quotas in employment and tried to ttack the criminal sentences imposed n black men. But there seems to be no vidence in Guinier's writings to support hese worries. (Guinier has written lmost nothing about curricular issues, uotas in employment or sentencing.) Ve might well conclude that the debate ver Guinier proves that Robert Bork's upporters were right. The attack on ork, which was often distorted and nfair, appears to have grossly affected he confirmation process, helping to roduce a system of "trial by sound bite," n which reasoned discussion is replaced y advertisements that treat nominees as izarre cartoon characters with one of hree traits: an "agenda," a weird personal life or "something to hide." Or, in ther words, as not "in the mainstream."

What *does* Guinier believe? This book is a collection of her law review writings, along with a twenty-age introduction and a three-page epi-gue. Much of the book is organized by central narrative, which goes like this. he first generation of voting rights ctivism, represented by the Voting ights Act of 1965, outlawed literacy sts, prohibited certain unfair registra-on procedures and ensured safe access o the polls; its goal was to protect the ght to vote as a formal, technical mat-r. The second generation involved the ffort to counteract sometimes subtle fforts to diminish black voting power—ncluding "vote dilution" in at-large elec-oral districts, through which black vot-rs would be submerged in a large white ajority and the victory of white candi-ates would almost be ensured. And the ird generation—well, Guinier thinks at the third generation is the contem-orary one, which must now deal with a ird generation of problems as well as ose of the first two. Today, she writes, t is sometimes not enough to ensure at minorities have a fair opportunity to ect someone to a legislative body. nder some unusual circumstances, it ay be necessary to police the legislative ting rules whereby a majority consis-ntly rigs the process to exclude a inority." For the third generation, the sk is to make sure that minority votes ally count.

It is fairly easy to describe what inier is against, and it is not so hard to scribe what she is for. She is critical, r a start, of the performance of the partment of Justice under Ronald agan. Her first and least temperate say declares (much too strongly, I ink) that the Reagan administration ttempted to drive civil rights laws out the marketplace for being more costly than they were worth." She is quite unhappy with its litigating positions, pointing out that it often argued for limited readings of civil rights laws, while at the same time siding with white and male plaintiffs in affirmative action cases. She is also unhappy with the post-Reagan federal judiciary, which she says is composed of people who meet ideological litmus tests, and which is, in her view, disproportionately white, male and conservative.

Readers will not be stunned to find that Guinier is critical of Reaganism. But they may be surprised to find that she is skeptical also about a prominent element of the movement for voting rights, which she calls "the theory of black electoral success." This theory holds that the goal of voting rights reforms is to elect "authentic" black representatives. Far from embracing this theory, Guinier thinks that it is inadequate. Her interest is, rather, in what the voters want, and she believes that black voters will have very little influence on policy if they elect black representatives to an office or two, especially if the representatives are consistently outvoted or marginalized on a multimember body. Guinier points to a number of reasons why the election of black representatives may have minimal effect on policy outcomes. Indeed, it is not at all clear whether it is better for a minority to elect one marginalized representative or to help elect several people who owe at least something to that minority.

It is by way of exploring the theory of black electoral success that Guinier discusses the "authenticity" issue that was so often raised during the debate about her confirmation. In fact, Guinier rejects the idea that only black candidates can represent black voters. She insists that "white candidates can legitimately represent nonwhite voters if those voters elected them." Throughout her book Guinier is interested in what voters want, not principally in what candidates want, and she indulges the "authenticity" assumption only to the extent that it focuses on what voters do and desire. It follows that a minority representative may be "inauthentic," but only if he or she does not have minority support. (Guinier does say that black representatives can sometimes add something by virtue of their history and experience, but this is not a major part of her argument, and in any case it does not seem like an especially alarming belief.)

Though doubting the theory of black electoral success, Guinier rejects the idea that voting is a purely individual right, and she is not opposed to race-conscious districting in principle. She

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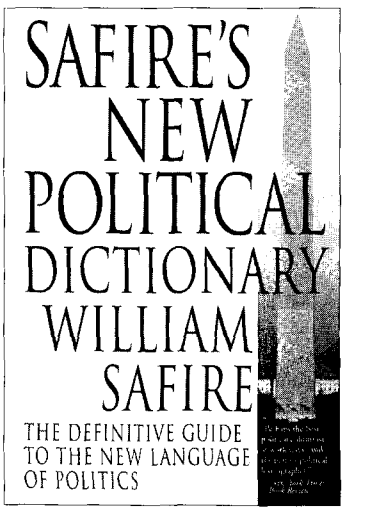

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says that groups, not individuals, elect candidates, and that candidates represent groups. She claims that ordinary territorial districting is actually a system for the representation of groups rather than individuals. For her, the problem with territorial districting is that the groups who are represented—a collection of diverse people who are geographically concentrated—may include systematic losers: that is, there may be groups within the geographical unit who cannot elect anyone at all. Since she thinks that candidates represent groups, the real question, for her, is which groups they represent. The problem with territorial districting is that it is not tied to any unifying characteristic other than geography. It therefore creates a large number of wasted votes, and Guinier is troubled by that.

So much for what Guinier is against. What does she favor? First, and most generally, she is for "taking turns" in politics, rather than ensuring that one group is permanently in power and another is permanently without power. And so she supports a set of policy reforms that are designed to increase the representation of minorities, usually in a race-neutral way. Guinier's proposals draw on all three generations of voting rights reform. Like the earliest reformers, she wishes to make voter registration easier, preferring automatic procedures to mechanisms that make it hard for poor people to register if, say, they do not own a car.

Guinier also argues in favor of cumulative voting, principally in state and local elections, as a remedy for proven discrimination, and within the legislature as well as the electorate. A system of cumulative voting involves the grant of multiple votes to each voter. Each voter can then allocate votes among a range of candidates as he sees fit. Thus, each of us might be given five votes for a certain seat, and we can choose what to do with those votes. We may give all five votes to one candidate, or distribute the five votes among several candidates. A system of cumulative voting exists in some localities and in many corporate elections. Though the point is often misunderstood, it is well-established that the system does not violate the one person, one vote rule because each person is given the same number of votes.

Guinier favors cumulative voting because it registers the intensity of preferences and thus makes it easier for minority groups to elect people whom they strongly favor. (Another advantage is that it is race-neutral.) One person may choose to allocate five votes among five candidates; another may give all of her votes to a single candidate. In this way a minority with intense convictions might be able to elect someone who could not be elected under a winner-take-all system. Cumulative voting thus addresses the problem of wasted votes and improves the prospects of those who are otherwise permanent losers.

Guinier writes more tentatively in favor of supermajority requirements, which would require more than 50 percent support within a governing body before action may be taken. In her most controversial claim, Guinier says that an "alternative remedy would be to require a supermajority vote on issues of importance to the majority or its equivalent, a minority veto on critical minority issues." The proposal is not attractive, as I will suggest; but in fairness it is worth observing that supermajority requirements are not unheard of in democratic processes. There are supermajority requirements for amending the Constitution and for overcoming a presidential veto; and the Reagan administration, as Guinier notes, approved a supermajority requirement for Mobile, Alabama, as a response to proven abuses. And such requirements can also be race-neutral.

Guinier's support for cumulative voting and supermajority requirements derives from her enthusiasm for "interest representation" in politics, a notion that seems to me intriguing but a bit obscure. Her goal is to ensure that a range of "interests" receives attention in the political process, so as to counteract what she sees as the serious problem of wasted votes, a problem that, in her view, arises whenever a group's preferred candidates are always bound to lose. Guinier prefers a system of "voluntary interest constituencies" to a system of territorial constituencies. But Guinier is not entirely clear about which "interests" deserve special consideration. She speaks in favor of race-neutral solutions and sometimes suggests that she is trying to protect all "minorities"—all groups, regardless of race, that are permanent losers. But she also suggests that her specific concern is racial and language minorities, since they have made "a strong, historically supported and congressionally mandated case for their claims that a homogenous, permanent majority has exercised disproportionate power consistently to degrade their influence on the political process as a whole."

There are many complications here. Consider Guinier's controlling assumption that "groups" are the subjects of voting rights. As she knows, there are hundreds or even thousands of "groups" in society, and most of them cannot elect representatives "of their own." We do not worry very much about ensuring representation for the innumerable social groups that, at least in some places, may elect disproportionately few people from their own ranks: people with greenish-gray eyes, German shepherd owners, smokers, optometrists, agnostics, Volvo drivers, Republicans in Chicago. In most cases we say that members of such minority groups do well enough if candidates must compete for their votes. Indeed, the competition for minority votes may even enhance minority power, as when a candidate must court a narrow minority that is the "swing vote" in an election.

To be sure, a well-functioning system of deliberative democracy requires a large degree of heterogeneity, which can provide new information and different perspectives on social problems. Homogeneity is no friend to democracy; diverse "interests" can be a creative force in the process of government by discussion. In this way the notion of interest representation in deliberative assemblies has much promise. But which groups deserve special protection in the ordinary competition for votes, and why? Guinier has not given complete answers to these questions or fully explained why and when the usual opportunity to participate in coalitions is an insufficient democratic safeguard for the innumerable "minority groups" whose members vote in elections.

Guinier sometimes seems to equate minority groups and "permanent losers," a term she does not clearly define, but that appears to refer to groups who cannot elect candidates at all, or who elect candidates who are themselves persistently marginalized or outvoted. But it is not enough to point to permanent losers, so defined. There are numerous permanent losers. And in a democracy many apparent losers, even permanent ones, are often winners, in the sense that they are able to obtain concessions from others, or even to persuade representatives of "the majority." This is so especially because the majority is itself not single-minded or unitary. The majority, too, is composed of an immense variety of minorities with conflicting interests. Representatives may rarely be pharmacists, boxers, post office employees or singers; but it is hoped that pharmacists, boxers, post office employees and singers all have enough political influence to participate in coalitions with others. Isn't the same often true of racial and language minorities?

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We should recall here that every man nd woman in society, no matter his or ıer race or ethnicity, is a member of nany groups. One might be, at the same ime, a Catholic, a man, a stockholder, a ıeterosexual, a science fiction fan, a Democrat, a computer programmer, a at owner, a Caucasian, a baseball enthuiast, a stamp collector and much more. Each African American—each Hispanic, ach Italian, each Catholic, Protestant or ew—is a member of innumerable ninority groups, not just one. In a libral society, moreover, people like to lefine themselves by reference to multiıle roles. In such circumstances the fact hat some people are "permanent losers" ı their capacity as members of one roup may not be troublesome at all; nd if it is troublesome, this is true only or some groups under some conditions.

All this suggests that it is necessary to xplore why and when the capacity to articipate in coalitions, for groups who o not elect people "from their ranks," ; not sufficient, or is illegitimately ıwarted. Sometimes it seems as if Guinier thinks that the opportunity to articipate in coalitions is never suffiient, that every minority group is nfairly treated in winner-take-all sysems with majority rule. But she does not ack up this very broad conclusion. And this conclusion is not supportable, ıen some minority groups are special fter all, and it may be necessary to limit ıe analysis to particular minority roups and to say, as Guinier does, that ıe real concern is for "racial minority roups who have been, and continue to e, victimized as a result of their racial lentity."

In support of this point Guinier gues that the lines between whites and frican Americans are permanent and ıarp. But the very notion of "group ıembers" can be murky, even in this ontext, and while her position is not ıtirely clear, I think that Guinier overates the extent to which whites and acks are homogenous groups. After all, o one disputes the fact that whites disgree with each other on many things, cluding race-related issues. It is no less ovious that there are important disgreements within the black community well, and that these disagreements tend to racially charged issues like ime protection, welfare reform and ograms relating to reproduction.

What, then, might be said on behalf of Guinier's conclusions? I can imagine at least three reasons ıy African Americans may not be adeıately protected by the rights to vote d to participate in coalitions that exist day.

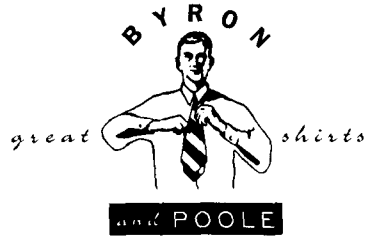
One reason may be that African Americans face pervasive hostility and prejudice. Many groups do not elect candidates of their own, but they can band together with other groups to elect people that they prefer. Perhaps African Americans are systematically excluded from this opportunity. In some times this has been the case, and in some places it is still the case. There is still a lot of hostility and prejudice, and the omnipresence of white representatives may contribute to feelings of exclusion and second-class citizenship. But how pervasive is the phenomenon of exclusion from coalitions and coalition-building? Certainly multiracial coalitions have become a part of modern political life; certainly such coalitions help to elect candidates, as the most recent presidential election demonstrates.

Second, Guinier's remedial measures might be justified by a direct opposition of interests between blacks and whites. Perhaps blacks have political interests that are very different from those of whites. Perhaps their interests are systematically neglected in the political arena. (Some people think that this view provides a reasonable basis for questioning simple majority rule in post-apartheid South Africa. During a meeting with Senator Alan Simpson, Guinier said that her prescriptions would apply in South Africa, too, so as to protect the white minority. It is interesting that many people who were sharply critical of Guinier's prescriptions for the United States might like what she would prescribe for South Africa.) Sometimes Guinier does write as if blacks and whites have opposing interests, and undoubtedly this is true in some areas. But surely many of the interests of white Americans and black Americans overlap. Both groups have an interest in economic growth, in diminished crime, in higher wages and employment, in good public education, in a peaceful world. It is not even clear that the interests of blacks and whites diverge sharply on such race-related issues as welfare reform and anti-crime legislation.

Third, there is the narrower phenomenon of racial-bloc voting. If whites vote only for whites, and if African Americans vote only for African Americans, there may be a serious problem, certainly if the political interests of whites are rigidly opposed to the political interests of African Americans, and perhaps even if the interests are overlapping. Guinier effectively shows that racial-bloc voting persists in many places, with many whites refusing to vote for black candidates, and with many blacks strongly inclined to vote for a black candidate when this is an option. Racial-bloc voting would preclude biracial coalitions if white candidates could not garner black votes and if black candidates could not garner white votes. But sometimes whites do try hard to get black votes, even when a black candidate is in the race. And even where the African American vote is staunchly Democratic, white Democrats compete to attract black voters. Moreover, black candidates often try hard to get white votes, and sometimes they succeed (though racial prejudice can make this difficult).

There seem to be important holes in Guinier's theory. Her concerns, I think, might make sense under certain circumstances, but she has failed to specify what those circumstances are. In other words, she has failed to identify exactly why and when a "permanent loser" has a legitimate claim that the majority is a tyranny. But let us turn away from her theory and toward her practical reforms. Guinier offers a number of interesting suggestions; but again I do not believe that she has adequately justified them.

Take cumulative voting. It is a promising suggestion, and it has its virtues. It is race-neutral, an important benefit; and it might spur interracial coalitions. But would it be very much different in result from what Guinier criticizes, that is, the



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election of one minority representative in an assembly that is dominated by majorities? In a system of cumulative voting intense minorities will be able to get a representative where otherwise they could not, but that representative may well be consistently outvoted. Does such a system really represent much in the way of progress?

Guinier is also interested in procedural reforms within the legislative assembly itself, including cumulative voting. Perhaps this step would be helpful as a response to the marginalization of minority representatives. But cumulative voting by representatives would be quite cumbersome, and it might well increase legislative paralysis. In any case, it could give undue power to small but intensely interested groups. (Consider how cumulative voting might increase the power of tobacco companies or the gun lobby or the agricultural industry.)

Guiner does not spend much time on her most extreme suggestions, a supermajority requirement on issues of concern to a majority and a minority veto on issues of special concern to a minority. I doubt that these procedures make much sense, even as remedies. For one thing, it is very hard to know which issues count as those of special concern to a minority. Changes in welfare programs? In employment programs? In criminal penalties? It is even unclear what the minority's "interest" is with respect to such issues. Many people think that more stringent welfare programs would help African Americans, and many people think exactly the opposite. And a minority veto raises real concerns from the standpoint of democratic theory. To be sure, our constitutional system is far from majoritarian, and pure majority rule, as Guinier shows, need not be identified with democracy. Still, it would be unusual to give members of one racial or ethnic group a power to veto measures that concern them.

All this leaves much room for uncertainty. But there are three directions, I suggest, in which it would be wise to take our legal and political culture. (Two of them are suggested by Guinier herself.) The first is to seek race-neutral and race-blind voting reforms. Even if the underlying problem does have racial dimensions, including the disproportionately low social welfare of African Americans and the distinctive feelings of exclusion that stem from a history of barriers to electoral offices, race-neutral solutions to racial problems are still the best route to successful reform.

I do not believe that race-conscious programs should be taken to offend the Constitution, at least as a general rule, and I do not contend that the Supreme Court should invalidate all, most or even many of the numerous race-conscious policies adopted during the last decades. The question of affirmative action should be handled democratically, not judicially. But it also seems clear that race-conscious programs—especially in the area of voting rights, where the perception of impartiality, as well as the reality of it, is crucial—can stimulate racial antagonism, accomplish at best only some of their own goals and compromise some of the basic commitments that underlie the civil rights movement. No group should be, or be perceived to be, a special beneficiary of voting rights reform.

Guinier is also right to recommend a shift away from adjudication and toward politics as the principal place for reform, in the area of voting rights as elsewhere. Litigation is slow. It may well be unsuccessful. It tends to produce simple winners and losers, without allowing for principled compromises. We should remember that the voting rights acts were enacted politically, not judicially, and that most of the important work toward voting rights has occurred outside of the courtroom. A principal task for "the third generation" is to deemphasize litigation and to place more faith in democratic arenas.

There is also another, more ambitious way to make progress on voting rights, though Guinier, focused on questions of procedure, does not discuss it. This would be to break the link between race and issues of wealth and poverty. Most whites are far from rich, and most poor people are white and most blacks live above the poverty line. Still, there is an undeniable association between skin color and social well-being, and it is hard to imagine that the issue of voting rights would seem quite so urgent if this association were diminished. Consider the fact that the United States ranks sixth among all nations in the United Nations Development Program's Human Development Report; that whites, considered alone, would rank first; and that blacks, considered alone, would rank thirty-first (next to Estonia). Consider, too, the fact that nearly one-third of black Americans live below the poverty level, as compared with about one-tenth of white Americans. The life expectancy of a white American is six years greater than the life expectancy of an African American. Worst of all, perhaps, 45 percent of African American children live below the poverty line, compared with 16 percent of white children.

If this divergence in the quality of life were not so great, might it not suffice t give everyone the right to vote; mak registration easy and insist on a system c one person, one vote? If these number were not so alarming, might it nc become even harder to know whethe people's interests diverged systematicall along racial lines, and easier to buil interracial coalitions? These question do not have clear answers; but I thin that the questions themselves ar enough to show that the problem of vo ing rights is enmeshed with the probler of racial inequality outside the explicitl political sphere. The problem of votin rights takes its present shape onl because of the problem of huge racia disparities in general well-being.

It might be thought—an Guinier might well think—that such disparities justify th creation of special votin reforms, since without such reforms th disparities will not be redressed in ord nary politics. And it is true that the poli ical process has often failed to respon to the second-class economic and soci status of African Americans. But if ou real concern is that second-class statu we should recall that reforms in th political process are often a crude an indirect way to respond to inequalitie outside of politics. As long as the on person, one vote rule is respected, an as long as every member of every grou is allowed to vote, it is hard to establish satisfactory link between further votir reforms and specific measures to hel people who are disadvantaged.

Sometimes the debate over votir rights for minority group members mixed with the debate over inequality i general. And this clouds the discussio Indeed, efforts to counteract existir social disparities need not be racial explicit. Like cumulative voting—ar like child immunization program neonatal care, literacy programs, an crime policies, job training prograr and educational reform—such effor could well be racially neutral. The ne stage of civil rights policy, in voting ar elsewhere, should be directed se consciously against concrete raci inequalities at the same time that it self-consciously designed to avoid spe ficity about race. Until the social ar economic disparities between black ar white diminish, many of our disagre ments about race-related questions w be mere skirmishes over a proble whose deepest sources lie elsewhere.

CASS R. SUNSTEIN is the author mo recently of *Democracy and the Probl of Free Speech* (The Free Press) and *T Partial Constitution* (Harvard Univers Press).

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The British Invasion

By David Thomson

The Lion Roars: Ken Russell on Film by Ken Russell

(Faber & Faber, 184 pp., $14.95 paper)

Million-Dollar Movie by Michael Powell

(Mandarin, 612 pp., £8.99)

Modern Nature by Derek Jarman

(The Overlook Press, 320 pp., $23.95)

In 1948 Michael Powell and his partner Emerich Pressburger showed *The Red Shoes* to the people who had paid for it: the rass of the J. Arthur Rank Organization. he picture had cost £570,000, and it was owell-Pressburger's masterwork: the ıost rapturous meltdown of music, ance, color, design, of *movie*, there on ıe screen. At the same time it was their efiant assertion that nothing mattered ɔr redeemed death and postwar auster- y) more than art.

The brass were gloomy. The film ·emed excessive, a little embarrassing ·en in its frenzy for its own medium. here was no one in its story who was ·nsible or businesslike. The whole thing ·lt as dangerous as Puck celebrating icked boyhood. "The film will not take ı a penny in America," said one dour ɔss. He was wrong. *The Red Shoes* made a ·rtune eventually in America; and its agic still works on screen no matter at the show folded recently on Broad- ıy. But that reference to America was ·nging in 1948. There was no plainer ·oof for Brits of their country's decline an the trashy empire of Hollywood. omegrown movies were always mea- red against that daft sunshine. It was ollywood that spoke (wretched) ıglish to the world; and it was often nerican actors who played English ·roes. To be a filmmaker in Britain has ·en to fight a fever of love and loathing r Americans.

Thus the British lament—and it is as ɔse as we will get to theme or purpose Ken Russell's lazy, bored and often nny book—that it is uncommonly and ıfairly hard for Brits to make movies; at there is no money or stomach for such a crazy business in Britain; and that filmmakers are not properly appreciated in the United Kingdom. So the poor devils have to slink off to Hollywood, forsaking cricket, draught beer, the club of good losers and the rain-soaked irony that takes nothing seriously. It is daunting for Brits in Hollywood that the Americans can be so determined about themselves. Give a man $10 million, a mansion in the hills and a new young wife, and he will grow solemn and bitter.

This is a cunning scenario, made of humbug, self-pity and flim-flam. The "British movie" has never been more popular or influential. It is made all over the world now just as Westerns once were produced in Italy, Japan and South America. Look at the recent Oscar nominations: for best picture, *The Remains of the Day* and *In the Name of the Father* are set in Britain and fascinated by the po-faced hypocrisy of the class system; *The Piano* is a story of British emigrants to New Zealand who have sailed with piano and Brontë-esque yearnings about their own literary significance; and *Schindler's List* relies upon British actors. (Ask yourself why it should be Liam Neeson, Ralph Fiennes and Ben Kingsley instead of, say, Gene Hackman, Sean Penn and Dustin Hoffman, and you begin to grasp the American superstition about "eloquence," "depth" or "moral seriousness" in British acting. Or do I mean acting British?)

These movies may have reached the screen only thanks to American funding; and I am taking for granted that actors and directors born in Ireland count as British. Of this year's twenty nominations for acting, seven went to Brits. In the last few years Oscars have been won

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by Daniel Day-Lewis, Jeremy Irons, Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson, and for the next several years—as Hollywood reckons grudgingly—those players are favorite candidates for more. The British have always taken advantage of the shared language. In the history of Oscar, the best actor and actress awards have gone to Brits twenty-eight times. And this year there was even a Welsh film, *Hedd Wynn*, up for the best foreign language picture.

Russell, who was nominated as best director for *Women in Love* in 1970, might claim that many of those Oscars went to Brits who had settled for American citizenship and salaries (people like Elizabeth Taylor and Ronald Colman). But Russell had his years working out of Los Angeles, too, just like Alfred Hitchcock, Billy Wilder, Otto Preminger, Jean Renoir, Fritz Lang, Ernst Lubitsch, David Lean, Fred Zinnemann, William Wyler, Tony Richardson, John Schlesinger, Costa-Gavras, Roman Polanski, Milos Forman, Peter Weir and Ridley Scott, all of whom were born in other countries. You can even make a case for British directors who have grasped America better than natives ever managed—think of Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*; John Boorman's *Point Blank* and *Deliverance*; Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*; not to mention *Psycho*, *Vertigo* or *Shadow of a Doubt*.

Russell might complain that there was too little that was "purely" British: made by Brits, with local money and exclusively British material. And yet it was possible in 1993 in America to see Sally Porter's tranquilly eccentric and literary *Orlando*; Stephen Frears's "Irish" film *The Snapper* (a happy return to form for Frears after the awkward Hollywood biggie *Hero*); and Mike Leigh's remorseless *Naked*. In more limited venues one could find the last two films by the late, lamented Derek Jarman—*Wittgenstein* and *Blue*; and even the beautiful and desperate works of a television director, Alan Clarke (*Road*, *Elephant*, *The Firm*, *Made in Britain*), which might make American televisions pop with disbelief. Best of all, maybe, was *The Long Day Closes*, Terence Davies's rhapsody to a Liverpool childhood at the movies (and often American movies).

To watch public television in this country is to regret the near absence of contemporary and domestic dramatic material; and the shortage will be greater still now that PBS is losing "American Playhouse" to a movie company. Yet PBS has rejoiced this last year in Ian Richardson's Iago-like prime minister, F-U, and Helen Mirren's resolute lady cop from "Prime Suspect." "Masterpiece Theater," to take the series at its own pious estimate, has assumed that British television is not just unequaled, but beyond the reach of American competition. (And will an American ever again be fit to edit "Tina Brown's *New Yorker*"?) And so, over the years, we have had the chance to see the work of artists in television, like Dennis Potter (*The Singing Detective*, *Pennies from Heaven*) and Alan Bennett (*Talking Heads*, *A Question of Attribution*), as well as shelfloads of leather-bound literary adaptations. That steady supply has surely built the audience for Merchant-Ivory films, and it must have encouraged Martin Scorsese to come in off his mean streets to the decor and the hushed epigrams of Edith Wharton and *The Age of Innocence* (with a Brit actor for his New Yorker).

Russell is 67, and he picks up wor where he can, often for television. (H recently did an adaptation of *Lady Cha terley's Lover*, with Joely Richardson which has not yet made it to "Maste piece Theater.") I don't know why h wrote this book, unless it arose, as irre sistible as a dare, late in a bibulous lunch You'll read it in half a day, and I can believe it occupied Russell more than month. It's chatty and meandering, fe ble stuff next to the burning testamen from Powell and Jarman. The tone is flip pant or weary, as if Russell felt like dowdy and former enfant terrible no pushing 70.

But Russell's mood lifts whenever he talking about his boyhood, music o film or Powell. There's a nice chapte on the teenage Russell biking aroun Southampton to see how many cinema remain after German bombing raids. A for music, it was originally Russell inspiration: in the late '50s and '60s h made a series of increasingly melodr matic documentaries for the BBC o Debussy, Bartok, Elgar, Delius an Richard Strauss. They are still the be things that he has done. And the there's Powell, that Merlin of Britis film.

Russell loves Powell—from *I Kno Where I'm Going* through *The Red Shoes* t *Peeping Tom*. Indeed, he rises to tru insight when he says of that film, near the last feature Powell made in Britain:

> Did Powell have it in for Moira [Shearer—the star of *The Red Shoes* and playing a murder victim in *Peeping Tom*], or was this succession of brutal deaths nothing more than a sick joke? I suppose we could ask the victim herself, though I doubt she'd tell—if indeed there was anything to tell. But a mystery persists, nevertheless. Why did Powel make the film in the first place? In doing so he engineered his own suicide. As far as his directing career in England was concerned he was dead. Has any other director in the history of the cinema been buried by one o his own movies?

Powell was 55 when *Peeping Tom* w slaughtered by English critics. They sa it was odious and shameful, somethi the cat dragged in. In fact, it was barbed black comedy in blood colo about the fascination and peril of livi for movies. Powell was by then a singu figure in Britain, and *Peeping Tom* hac uniquely droll admission that movie w a kind of pathology. Powell also loved c England and Celtic myth. In *Colo Blimp* he made a fond tribute to gent manliness. But he was a loner, famou sharp-tempered and aloof in ways declined to notice. In his coy voice, R sell is alluding to that haughty and s destructive independence in Powell well as to his eye for red-head actresses).

The Cellar

Face at the window, her face
from years ago, out in the cold—
my long dead wife, once wife,
snow blowing behind her, maelstrom
in the lower field. It's the old place
in Hants County, no more than a cellar hole
the last time I passed by.

Let me in, she mouths against the wind,
and I try to, but the front door
won't open, and when I hurry around
to the kitchen, I hear a sob
behind me—as if she thinks I'm turning
away from her. *Please let me in, I only*
want to say goodbye one last time.

Wailing with the wind, she keeps repeating
her grief as I run from door to window
to door, but nothing will open
to the need in her voice becoming
the need in my movements,
until it occurs to me at last—

the cellar. I pass through the pantry,
shelves stacked with preserves,
with the cracked china of childhood,
and lift the latch: this door opens easily,
as it always did, and the ancient smells
float up from below—rocks and ashes,
damp dirt, the must of generations—
and I step down the steep, narrow stairs,
feeling my way back in the dark,
calling out with each uncertain step,
Wait, please wait, I'm on my way.

ERIC TRETHEWEY

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For the next twenty years Powell did oo little. There were a couple of films in Australia and some T.V., but years of De Gaulle-like retreat in his cottage in Gloucestershire—all in the age of "swinging London," when Russell and many others had their turn. Later in life Powell came to America. He was artist-in-residence for a term at Dartmouth; he deepened his friendship with Martin Scorsese (and married Scorsese's editor); he was director emeritus for Francis Coppola—Russell says that was like being ca-boy, but people who knew Powell hen recall stiffer drinks. And in 1980 he began his autobiography, the second volume of which, *Million-Dollar Movie*, was barely complete at his death in 1990.

Million-Dollar Movie is not simply a sequel to *A Life in Movies* (1987), but a remake. The second volume has not been published in America, n part, I daresay, because it goes back over old ground, and begins to hammer he Powell credo that a film depends on one man, its maker or begetter. Reiterated too often, the claim sounds angry nd egotistical; at his best, on film, Powell was most magisterial when swift. The beauty of audacity masked his arrogance.

But the first volume, already 700 pages, was a great success that revived interest in Powell's films. The two volumes together make plain how unlikely a career Powell had. He is the most beguiling of British directors; his work seems larger and warmer year by year, while Hitchcock looks more mean-spirited. But Powell was lithely unworldly and allergic to most inds of "team spirit" in pictures. Being owell was a triumph of the will, an nability to be orderly or obedient. He oved art for art's sake, and saw no difference between a movie and an opera and n illuminated manuscript. He was oddly ut of his time: though a camera buff, he elt he kept imaginative company with haucer, Milton and Blake.

How onerous it must have been for im to small-talk with the people who nanced movies (and who were so certain *The Red Shoes* didn't have legs). It's a onder that Powell and Pressburger ayed businesslike for so long, for I oubt they knew or cared "what the pub- wanted." They took that old plea as mbug, and pursued their own fancies. ooding on the common tastes can be depressing. That enough people lored their results then, and now, testies to a recurring English insight about e movies (a heresy in America, for critas well as practitioners) that there's proven point in *aiming* at the public. m at your heart, or the mind's eye, and u have as much chance of success as if u calculate the allure of *The Last Action Hero*. Powell had always cultivated his garden—that's why he had enemies in a business that liked to think it was devoted to agriculture.

If anyone admired Powell more than Russell, it was another gardener, Derek Jarman, a one-time art student and lifelong painter who got into movies by doing production design for Russell on *The Devils* and *Savage Messiah*. Jarman was a homosexual who celebrated role models for that way of life in *Sebastiane* and *Caravaggio*. He died of AIDS in mid-February, having skirted death several times since 1986. Yet he was never more active than in his last years. HIV was his prison and his liberty, and its threat led to *The Last of England*, *The Garden*, *Edward II*, as well as *Wittgenstein* and *Blue*. Jarman worked on tiny budgets in the spirit of a home-movie-maker, with a gang of friends.

He also kept a journal: *Modern Nature* covers the years 1989 and 1990, when he was in and out of the hospital, observing his own gauntness and living in a cottage near the beach at Dungeness, in the shadow of a power station. The journal is very moving, with harrowing accounts of treatment mixed with lists of flowers planted in his garden and of films held together against lack of money and reports of friends dying. Not that Jarman had much time for melancholy or premature mourning. He was exuberant; he insisted that he had a chance of beating HIV; and on several occasions he held off death through work, stress and immense vocation, the very things doctors warned against. He lost his sight, and *Blue*, his last film, is nothing but a blue screen and a commentary that grows out of the journals. Here he is in April, 1989:

> *Wednesday 30*
>
> A chill coming on after lying naked on the shingle for the photos. Restless night, shivering and hot by turns. Woke feeling very fragile.
>
> A dull cloudy day, colorless. Read the Lorca biography.
>
> *Thursday 31*
>
> Still unwell. Washed all the bedding and T-shirts and pottered round the garden. Dreamed all morning of escape. To where?
>
> Will go back to London on Monday and try to work out a plan for the film. James rang to say funding was on the way for *The Garden*. I feel it is too late: the summer's gone.
>
> However hard I try now I find it almost impossible to connect with others, let alone myself. Was it ever any different? Was I gifted, or was it as a burden of proof that I took to film?

Those who knew Jarman saw his conviviality and his generosity. They would have been surprised by such expressions of apartness. Powell was also a grand companion in whom one felt a brusque, fearless isolation. Russell in his time has been praised and deplored as a law unto himself, a visionary but self-indulgent, beyond reason. And Russell's early documentaries worshiped solitary genius and the carefree bohemianism that took life as the threshold to art. Powell was prepared to stay idle a couple of decades to stress his work; while Jarman discovered that only art could keep him alive. None of this was reasonable, or medically plausible. Nor was it appealing to those who put up the money. So people like Powell nearly dared the bosses to be stupid enough to pay for them.

All three complain, more or less, about a dogged British resistance to cinema. British culture, they say, prides itself on its literature, on its theater, on its Leavisite scheme of stories that deliver moral lessons. There is also the idea that the British are not naturally visual or melodramatic, though that theory has to deal with Dickens, Turner, Hogarth and Francis Bacon. It may be more to the point that much in British life flinches from, or is embarrassed by, the enactment of fantasy, which is so vital to movies. There is a British modesty that sighs and says that movies are really a bit of a lark, rather silly, something fit for Americans. But that dampening down may only intensify the melodramatic urge. Powell could be prickly in manner, terse in conversation; yet he was overwhelming and emotional on the screen.

Maybe men like Russell, Powell and Jarman were determined to feel embattled. Jarman came closest to fulfillment in what many regarded as impossible circumstances. Russell rejoices in the reputation of a dangerous outsider. And Powell—consciously, or by magic—took steps to make himself an outcast. For all of them, the romantic urge to solitude was compulsive. It is there in the flagrant imagery of their films and the swooning upheaval of their narratives; and in their sense of themselves. Is it a British gift to film history to suggest that the "normally" absurdly expensive collaboration might also be a private passion pursued by half-crazed amateurs? At least that frightens off Hollywood money—so then the few, the happy few, can soldier on in brave penury, singing a lonely song. Who knows, a day may come when grim and overpriced American professionalism has been surpassed by technology, while British eccentrics keep filming in their garden with antique cameras, watching the flowers explode.

DAVID THOMSON is the author of *Showman: The Life of David O. Selznick* (Knopf).

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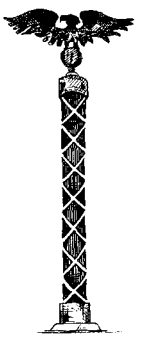
WASHINGTON DIARIST

Thin-thin

WHATEVER FORMER CBS MORNING News anchor Kathleen Sullivan was expecting when she signed on as a pitchwoman for Weight Watchers last December, it couldn't have been this. "She Lost Her Job, Her Fortune, Her Husband—And On National T.V., Her Pride," gloats the March issue of *Allure*. Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times* took Sullivan to lunch at the Plaza Hotel, only to confirm that indeed, the former network star had grown certifiably "chunky." But never mind. In her spring campaign a jeans-clad Sullivan leans against a white picket fence, canting her hips and smiling broadly. "Every morning, the sun comes up," she says, her face pink with pride. "That's one thing you can count on. And I'll tell you one thing else you can count on ... Weight Watchers really works! I should know. I've lost sixteen pounds now." And a deep rose Malibu sun peeps over the horizon, signifying the dawn of Sullivan's vibrant new self.

IT SOUNDS EASY ENOUGH. BY shunning forbidden foods and adopting new standards of reserve and moderation, Sullivan will shuck off her unwanted pounds, achieving not an "ideal weight"—a term recently disavowed by Weight Watchers for its evocation of unattainable, ectomorphic perfection—but a "healthy weight," a term that expresses the thin within. But what if, instead of attaining coveted thinness, Sullivan were to grow steadily plumper? "That won't happen," says Linda Webb-Carilli, a spokeswoman for Weight Watchers. Sullivan, after all, is no run-of-the-mill fatty: she's Weight Watcher's property, contractually obliged to slim down. Surely the prospect of public humiliation in front of millions of viewers—not to mention the throng of wraith-thin marketing executives who gather weekly around her scale—is enough to turn the tastiest snack into ashes in the mouth. So why does the sight of Sullivan's newly trim body fill me not with elation, but with a feeling akin to dread? Can I really be the only reader of popular women's magazines who is haunted still by a doleful ghost named Maureen?

MAUREEN, YOU'LL RECALL, WAS introduced to readers of *Mademoiselle* in September 1984. "Meet Maureen," the headline screamed. "She Has To Lose Sixty Pounds." But who would have wanted to meet such a creature? Her muscles were flab, her complexion pasty, her constitution sad and weak. "That's why we're putting her on a special diet," chirped the magazine, unveiling a "comprehensive program" aimed at helping 219-pound Maureen "rethink her entire attitude about food." Such an undertaking, it seemed, required no more than "lots of determination—which is just what Maureen has.... Plus a sensible diet and regular exercise program—which is just what we're giving her!" And with that, a bevy of nutritionists, psychotherapists and makeover artists descended on Maureen's passive mass, arming her with a daily journal, a strict diet and a "well-rounded fitness routine" designed by someone named Anne-Marie Mersen-Casablancas. The main worry wasn't that Maureen wouldn't stick to the program; it was that her bulk would evaporate too quickly. "Shedding pounds too rapidly—especially when you've got lots to lose—is not only unhealthy, it can leave you flabby," counseled beauty editor Felicia Milewicz.



ALAS, THE MAGAZINE SOON HAD other problems on its hands. Though Maureen began her diet by dropping fourteen pounds in her first month, the losing streak soon faltered. "She's hit the dreaded dieter's plateau," opined the magazine's hopeful editors. "Her weight loss may have slowed because she's building muscle.... See last month's story on Maureen's workout." To revive flagging spirits, Maureen was treated to a slenderizing new hairstyle and make-up job meant to contour what *Mademoiselle* pointedly referred to as her "still-full face." "Coming next month," the magazine promised, "the holiday styles that make the most of Maureen's trimmer shape." But Maureen's shape remained depressingly unchanged, leaving the editors to parade her grimly about in a three-piece red and green pants ensemble designed by the Forgotten Women.

IT WAS AT THAT POINT THAT I realized something had gone terribly wrong with Maureen's program. Though I was only 13 years old at the time, I deduced that *Mademoiselle*'s star dieter was scarfing food on the sly. And sure enough, in the January issue, Maureen finally came clean. Underneath the headline "The Big Diet Don't," *Mademoiselle* tersely explained what went wrong "She'd have one candy bar, but coul never stop with one." The reason for th collapse? "Maureen's initial incentive t lose was all wrong.... She was not die ing for herself, but, rather, for us."

OR MAYBE MAUREEN HAD NOT YE succumbed to a Sub-Clinical Eating Di order. This month's *Allure* identifies SE as an ailment that "stops short o anorexia and bulimia on the obsessio scale.... You may not be so thin that you bones are showing, but you're enslave all the same." *Allure* says victims of SE strive to be not just thin, but "thin-thin. They fix themselves a specia no-fat salad dressing out c balsamic vinegar and mustard then slip fretfully into their Ve sace dresses. Mysteriously, *Allu* failed to supply the precis recipe for the SED salad dressing That surprised me, becaus "Diary of an Eating Disorde was on the whole so instructive We are told that "Laurel," th SED victim, eats "fat-free whea flakes and skim milk for breal fast, a plain bagel and a sala dressed with vinegar for lunch," followe by "intermittent snacks of jelly beans c Gummi Bears or nonfat frozen yogu from the machine at the deli." *Et pour dîner?* "Steamed vegetables, not grilled.

THERE'S A MONEY-SPINNER I this: a cookbook called *The Anorex Gourmet*. I know, I know—only a quic fix, not the route to permanent weigl loss, no substitute for lifelong chang in your eating patterns. But for thos looking for a truly radical weapo against fat, it's hard to beat recipes f the starving. *Mirabella* magazine w among the first to grasp this truth. recent article titled "The Hunge Confessions of an Anorexic" bega unpromisingly—"Why, she wants know, does the media trivialize, sens tionalize and misrepresent this pr found and complex problem?"—b soon blossomed into a cheerful boun of low-fat dieting tips. "Supper was ic berg lettuce with peas on top, grat cheese, tomatoes with avocado and oli oil," recounts one woman. "Maybe sor salami, butter and French bread." H next move? "Cutting out all dressir butter, mayonnaise, nuts and cheese. For five days I ate nothing but grape Today, she sticks mostly to "pickl mustard on cabbage, ketchup on c bage ... soy sauce." Her weight is ho ing steady at eighty-eight pounds. M reen, thou shouldst be scarfing at t hour.

RUTH SHA

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Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Standards and Equity

Last month, when Goals 2000 passed in the Congress, a CNN reporter commented that she didn't know what good goals and standards would do because not all kids had the same wherewithal to achieve them.

This is a version of the argument you often hear against establishing high educational standards—and holding kids to them: doing so would be unfair and elitist. A few kids might meet the standards, but wouldn't the great number who did not become discouraged with school and disgusted with themselves? And wouldn't high standards be especially unfair to poor minority youngsters who already have enough problems?

The elitism argument is based on the premise that youngsters succeed in school because they are smart—not because they work hard—and it's unfair to reward some kids more than others simply because God gave them more brains. This argument falls apart when you compare our students with kids from other countries—like Japan, for instance, where large numbers perform at a very high level. Are Japanese youngsters born smarter than American kids? Hardly. The Japanese secret is that parents, teachers—and kids—believe that doing well is, to a large extent, the result of hard work. And the Japanese education system demands and rewards this kind of effort.

People who assume that kids would be harmed, instead of helped, by a demanding curriculum have it backwards.

But would demanding educational standards be fair to poor, minority children? The best answer to this question is to look at the watered-down curriculums that many of these kids now get. Their effect is to cut off virtually any hope that poor youngsters today can follow the traditional path out of poverty, education. The people who assume that these kids would be harmed, instead of helped, by a demanding curriculum have it backwards. Indeed, there is a lot of data indicating that such a curriculum would help all kids to do better.

Achievement in countries with high national standards provides some of the best evidence. A recent study finds that students in Great Britain, which, until recently, had a system with varying local standards, do much worse than youngsters in Germany, France and Japan, which have national standards. In "Educational Provision, Educational Attainment and the Needs of Industry" (London: National Institute of Economic and Social Research, 1993), Andy Green and Hilary Steedman say that, while varying local standards resulted in a good education for elite students, they produced a poor education and outcomes for everyone else, particularly lower-class kids. There is a marked inequality of opportunity in comparison with Germany, France or Japan.

On international math and science exams, English 13-year-olds have consistently scored close to the bottom. More significant from the standpoint of equity, however, was the fact that low-achieving English kids scored poorly relative to low achievers from other countries. On one international math exam, for example, England had the largest percentage of students with a score of 5 or less (out of a possible 70).

In terms of general attainment, 16-year-old English students also did much less well. More than twice as many German and French students as English students were able to pass exams indicating proficiency in math, science and their native language. In Japan, where 16-year-olds took comparable exams in math only, almost twice as many passed. The pattern was roughly the same for students graduating from secondary school. The countries with high standards produced a far higher percentage of students who qualified for university or skilled jobs.

Why do education systems in Germany, France and Japan leave fewer students behind than the system in England? Green and Steedman point to a number of factors they think are critical:

- Germany, France and Japan have high expectations for all their students, and students know what is expected of them.
- They have curricula that embody these expectations and create "uniform practice." So you would rarely find some schools where kids are supposed to work hard and achieve and other schools where little is expected of students.
- They have exams that test students' mastery—not their ability—and doing well on these exams gets students something they want, like admission to a university or a job credential.

Do these countries with standards-driven systems educate all their students to the same high level? No, and many of the differences in achievement are the result of poverty and inequality of opportunity. Nevertheless, they consistently do better with more of their students and with poor students than the former system in England—or the current system in the U.S.

Many reformers are paralyzed by what they see as a conflict between high expectations and equity. But some of the world's best education systems tell us that equity is better served by demanding a lot of all students—and helping them meet those demands. Inequalities may remain, but everybody is better off because they are unequal on a higher level.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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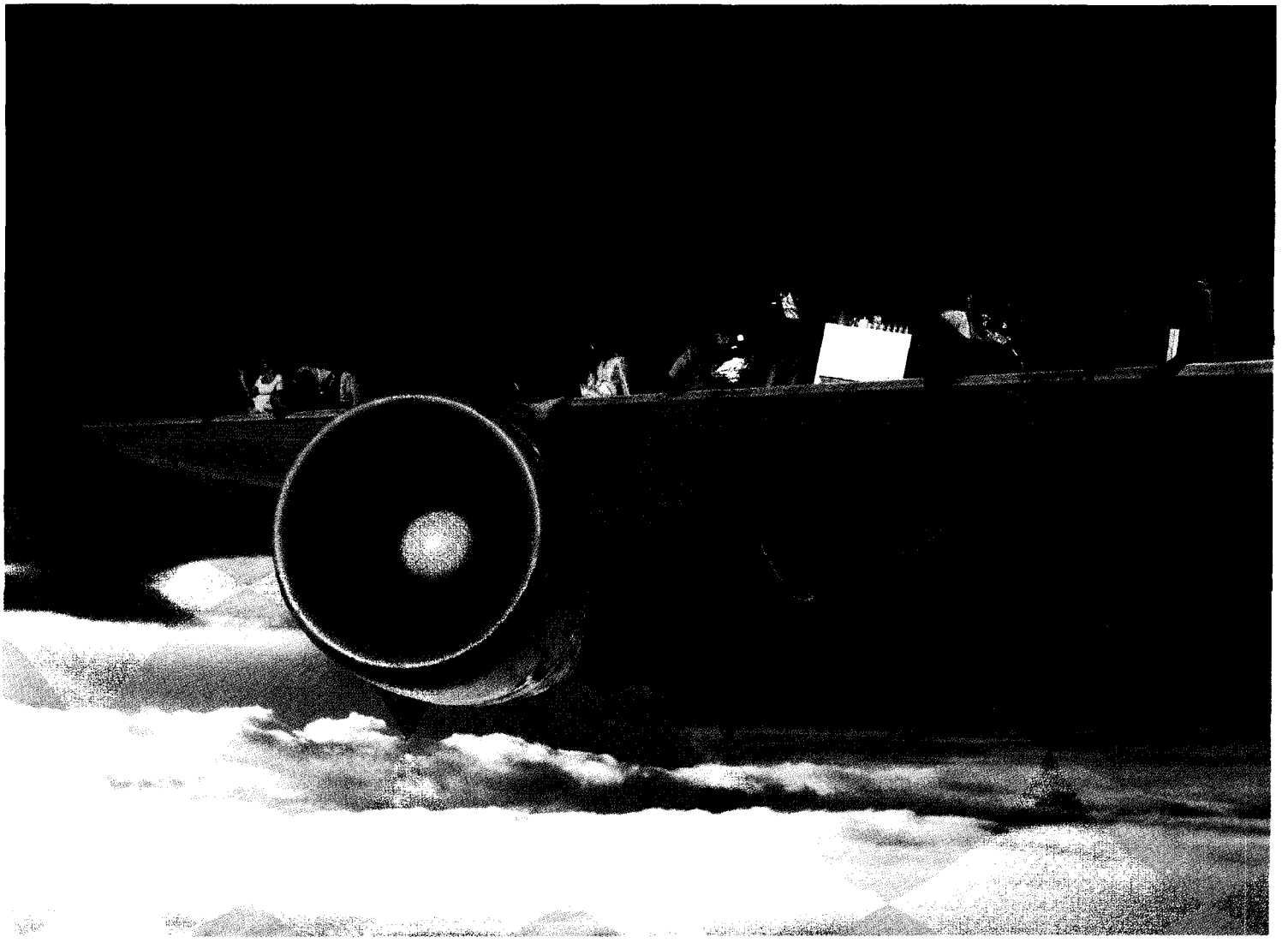

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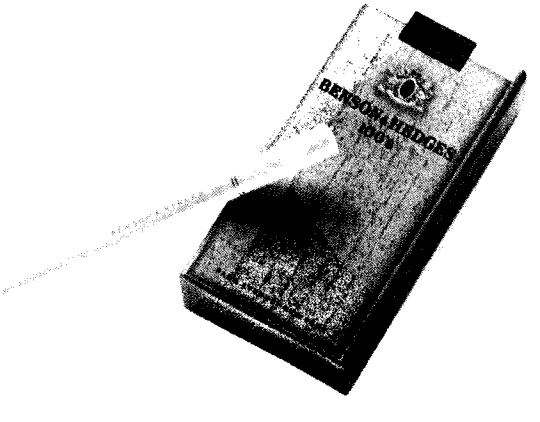

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